THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. XII.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH;

CONTAINING

HAMLET..... OTHELLO.

GLOSSARY.

LONDON:

Printed by T. BENSLEY, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,

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Harding's Edition.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK;

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE original ſtory on which the play of HAMLET is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Daniſh hiſtorian. From thence Belleforeſt adopted it in his collection of novels, in ſeven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publiſh through ſucceeding years. From this work, *The Hiſtorye of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was tranſlated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play, than one in the year 1604, though it muſt have been performed before that time, as I have ſeen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey (the antagoniſt of Naſh) who, in his own hand-writing, has ſet down Hamlet, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are theſe: "The younger ſort take much delight in Shakſpeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to pleaſe the wiſer ſort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his ſervantes"

In *Eaſtward Hoe*, by George Chapman, Ben Jonſon, and John Marſton, 1605, is a fling at the Hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer aſks him—"'Sfoote, *Hamlet* are you *mad?*

The frequent alluſions of contemporary authors to this play, ſufficiently ſhow its popularity. Thus, in Decker's *Bel-man's Night-walkes*, 4to. 1612, we have—"But if any *mad Hamlet*, hearing this, ſmell villainie, and ruſh in by violence, to ſee what the tawny diuels [gypſies] are dooing, then they excuſe the fact" &c. Again, in an old collection of Satirical Poems, called *The Night Raven*, is this couplet:

"I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge* my greeves,
"But I will call Hangman, Revenge on Thieves."

STEEVENS.

Surely

Surely no ſatire was intended in *Eaſtward Hoe*, which was acted at Shakſpeare's own playhouſe (Blackfriers) by the children of the revels, in 1605. MALONE.

The following particulars relative to the date of this piece, are borrowed from Dr. Farmer's *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare*, p. 85, 86, ſecond edition:

"Greene, in the Epiſtle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a laſh at ſome 'vaine glorious tragedians,' and very plainly at Shakſpeare in particular.—'I leave all theſe to the mercy of their *mother-tongue*, that feed on nought but the crums that fall from the *tranſlator's* trencher.—That could ſcarcely *latinize* their neck verſe if they ſhould have neede, yet *Engliſh Seneca* read by candlelight yeelds many good ſentences—hee will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I ſhould ſay, *handfuls* of tragicall ſpeeches.'—I cannot determine exactly when this *Epiſtle* was firſt publiſhed; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* ſomewhat further back than we have hitherto done: and it may be obſerved, that the oldeſt copy now extant, is ſaid to be 'enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was.' *Gabriel Harvey* printed, at the end of the year 1592, 'Foure Letters and certaine Sonnetts, eſpecially touching *Robert Greene*: in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Naſh's* Epiſtle muſt have been previous to theſe, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applauſe; and the *Foure Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Naſh* replied in 'Strange News of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verſes, as they were going *privilie* to victual the *Low Countries*, 1593.' *Harvey* rejoined the ſame year in '*Pierce's* Supererogation, or a new Praiſe of the old Aſſe.' And *Naſh* again, in 'Have with you to *Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's* Hunt is up;' containing a full anſwer to the eldeſt ſonne of the halter-maker, 1596."—*Naſh* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy, called *The Return from Parnaſſus*. STEEVENS.

A play on the ſubject of *Hamlet* had been exhibited on the ſtage before the year 1589, of which Thomas Kyd was, I believe, the author. On that play, and on the bl. letter *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, our poet, I conjecture, conſtructed the tragedy before us. The earlieſt edition of the proſe-narrative which I have ſeen, was printed in 1608, but it undoubtedly was a republication.

Shakſpeare's *Hamlet* was written, if my conjecture be well founded, in 1596. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of his Plays*. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
HAMLET, *ſon to the former, and nephew to the preſent, king.*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to* HAMLET.
LAERTES, *ſon to* POLONIUS.
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*
OSRICK, *a courtier.*
Another courtier.
A prieſt.
MARCELLUS,
BERNARDO, } *Officers.*
FRANCISCO, *a ſoldier.*
REYNALDO, *ſervant to* POLONIUS.
A Captain. An Ambaſſador.
Ghoſt of HAMLET'S *father.*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of* Norway.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of* Denmark, *and mother of* HAMLET.
OPHELIA, *daughter of* POLONIUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. *Elſinore.*

HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ELSINORE. *A Platform before the Caſtle.*

FRANCISCO *on his Poſt.*

Enter to him BERNARDO.

Bernardo.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand and unfold yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, Franciſco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honeſt ſoldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our fantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we two nights have ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myſelf,
The bell then beating one——
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the ſame figure as the King that's dead.

Mar.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majeſty of buried Denmark
Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak: ſpeak, I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit* GHOST.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale;
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyſelf:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not,
But, in the groſs and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now, ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch

So nightly toils the ſubject of the land;
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt king,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this Fortinbras; who, by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeis'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquiſher; as, by the ſame co-mart,
And carriage of the article deſign'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, Sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our ſtate)
But to recover of us, by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: And this, I take it,

Is

Is the main motive of our preparations;
The ſource of this our watch; and the chief head
Or this poſt-haſte and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even ſo;
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; ſo like the king
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt Julius fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman ſtreets.

- -

As ſtars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Diſaſters in the ſun; and the moiſt ſtar,
Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doomſday with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter GHOST.

But, ſoft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me.—Stay, illuſion!
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me,
Speak to me;
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, ſpeak!

Or, if thou haſt uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth,
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death.
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—ſtay, and ſpeak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* GHOST.
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhow of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth, with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat,
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock;
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit dares ſtir abroad;
The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it,
But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,

Walks

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray: and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State in Elſinore.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS, *and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's death,
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our queen,
The imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy—
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—

Holding

Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our ſtate to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the buſineſs is:—We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,—to ſuppreſs
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubject:—and we here diſpatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the king, more than the ſcope
Of theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haſte commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhow our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: What would'ſt thou beg, Laertes,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What ſays Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave,
By labourſome petition; and, at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent:
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin Hamlet, and my ſon——
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind. [*Aſide.*
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'the ſun.
Queen. Good Hamlet, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt, tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhows of grief,

That

That can denote me truly: Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father:
That father loſt, loſt his; and the ſurvivor bound,
In filial obligation for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow: But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, 'tis unmanly grief:
It ſhows a will moſt incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And, with no leſs nobility of love,
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And, we beſeech you, bend you to remain

Here

Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, ſtay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits ſmiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the king's rouſe the heaven ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, LORDS, *&c.* POLONIUS, *and* LAERTES.

Ham. O, that this too, too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed: things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not ſo much, not two:
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Viſit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Muſt I remember? why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,

With

With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why ſhe, even ſhe,—
O heaven! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She marry'd:—O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I muſt hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip!

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myſelf.

Hor. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—Marcellus!

Mar. My good lord——

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, ſir,—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elſinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.

Hor.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven
Or ever I had ſeen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks, I ſee my father.
Hor. Where, my Lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waiſt and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with ſolemn march,
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they, diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did:
And I, with them, the third night, kept the watch:

Where

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, ſirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not
His face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In ſorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor.

Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw it.
Hor. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I will watch to night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill;
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's ſpirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play: would the night were come!
Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: Foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in POLONIUS's *Houſe.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My neceſſaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweet, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, or cautel, doth beſmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and the health of the whole ſtate;
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place

May

May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then: beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep
As watchman to my heart; But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Show me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puff'd and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I ſtay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for:—There,—my bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*

And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it, that the oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous:
If it be ſo (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourſelf a baby?
That you have ta'en theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows: theſe blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,—
You muſt not take for fire. From this time
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, That he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhow,
But mere implorators of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you to ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is ſtruck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flouriſh of trumpets, and ordnance ſhot off within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwaggering up-ſpring reels:
And, as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Ham. Ay, marry is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a cuſtom

More

More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chooſe his origin,)
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or, by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners;—that theſe men,
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar,
Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance often dout,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!—
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd!
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell!
Be thy intents wicked or charitable!
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee! I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, anſwer me:
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements! why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again, in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we, fools of nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire,
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it:
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,

That

W.N. Gardiner del.t et sc.

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That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—[GHOST *beckons.*
Still am I call'd:—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* GHOST *and* HAMLET.
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after:—To what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd ſo faſt in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end,
Like quils upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood:—Liſt, liſt, O liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love,——
Ham. O heaven!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know it; that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The

The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven:
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks I ſcent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitywith blood of man,
That, ſwift as quickſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,

All

All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once deſpatch'd:
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unaneal'd:
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But, howſoever, thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to fail his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me! [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! What elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up!—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by heaven!
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!

My

My tables,—meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I am ſure, it may be ſo in Denmark: [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have ſworn't.

Hor. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord——

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet—

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven ſecure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [*Within*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come, bird come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;
You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How ſay you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be ſecret—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right; you are in the right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part:
You, as your buſineſs, and deſire, ſhall point you;—

For

For every man hath buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am ſorry they offend you, heartily; yes, 'faith,
Heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by ſaint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here,—
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,

And

And lay your hands again upon my ſword:
Swear by my ſword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.
Ghoſt. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid old mole! can'ſt work i'the earth ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!
Ham. And, therefore, as a ſtranger, give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.
But come;——
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy!
How ſtrange or odd ſo'er I bear myſelf,
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,—
That you, at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *Well well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;
Or, *If we liſt to ſpeak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This do you ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Ghoſt. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what ſo poor a man as Hamlet is
May do to expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack. Let us go in together;
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O curſed ſpite!
That ever I was born to ſet it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in POLONIUS's *Houſe.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and theſe notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvelous wiſely, good Reynaldo,
Before you viſit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid: very well ſaid. Look you, ſir,
Inquire me firſt what Danſkers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, ſome diſtant knowledge of him;
And thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo,

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—*but*, you may ſay,—*not well*:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo;—and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go ſo far.

Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning; but breathe his fault ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty:
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind;
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood,
Of general aſſault.

Rey. But, my good lord—

Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, ſir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converſe, him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good ſir, or ſo; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phraſe, or the addition,
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, ſir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to ſay?—By the maſs, I was about to ſay
ſomething:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence,—*Ay, marry:*
He cloſes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with ſuch or ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouſe;

There

There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
(Videlicet, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*—
See you now;
Your bait of falſehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my ſon: You have me, have you not!

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi'you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord—

Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf.

Rey. I ſhall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſick.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell! How now Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look, ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What ſaid he?

Oph.

W.N.Gardiner del.t et sc.t.

Hamlet.

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Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtay'd he ſo:
At laſt a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went, without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go ſeek the king,
This is the very ecſtacy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beſhrew my jealouſy!
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come, go we to the king:
This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern!
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; ſo I call it,
Since nor the exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And, ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
Some little time: ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures; and to gather,
So much as from occaſion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhow us ſo much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your majeſties
Might, by the ſovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Roſencrantz, and gentle Guildenſtern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenſtern, and gentle Roſencrantz:
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon.—Go, ſome of you,
And bring theſe Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heaven make our preſence, and our practices,
Pleaſant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen! [*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and ſome Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The embaſſadors from Norway, good my lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, ſpeak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to the embaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit of that great feaſt.

King. Thyſelf do grace to them aud bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhaſty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs: Whereat griev'd,—
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence,
Was falſely borne in hand,—ſends out arreſts
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the aſſay of arms againſt your majeſty,
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee;
And his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before againſt the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further ſhown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it may pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On ſuch regards of ſafety, and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more conſider'd time, we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt together:
Moſt welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expoſtulate
What majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,

Why

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore,—ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit,
And tedioufneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes—
I will be brief: Your noble ſon is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a fooliſh figure;
But farewell it, for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cauſe of this effect;
Or, rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while ſhe is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now, gather, and furmiſe.

—*To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia.*

That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe; *beautified* is a vile phraſe: but you ſhall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white boſom, theſe, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, ſtay awhile; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire; [Reads.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move:
Doubt truth to be liar;
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers*; *I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee beſt, O moſt beſt, believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, moſt dear lady, whilſt this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter ſhown me:
And more above, hath his ſolicitings,
And they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think,
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majeſty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the deſk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus did I beſpeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy ſphere;
This muſt not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens;
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulſed, (a ſhort tale to make,)
Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakneſs;
Thence to a lightneſs; and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, (I'd fain know that)
That I have poſitively ſaid, '*Tis ſo*,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe:
[*Pointing to his head and ſhoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arraſs then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm, and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where ſadly the poor wretch comes
Pol. Away, I do bdſeech you, both away; [reading.
I'll board him preſently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol.

Pol. Honeſt, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kiſſing carrion.——Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the ſun: conception is a bleſſing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? [*Aſide.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at firſt: he ſaid I was a fiſhmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I ſuffer'd much extremity for love; very near this, I'll ſpeak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, ſir: for the ſatirical rogue ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams: All which, ſir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, ſir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in it. [*Aſide.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How pregnant ſometimes his replies are! a happineſs that often madneſs hits on, which reaſon and ſanity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and ſuddenly contrive the means

means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord?

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to ſeek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Roſ. God ſave you, ſir! [*To* POLONIUS.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. My honoured lord!—

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou Guildenſtern? Ah, Roſencrantz! good lads, how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waiſt, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? O, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hand of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count myſelf a king of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Roſ. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter: I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendſhip, what makes you at Elſinore?

Roſ. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, come; deal juſtly with me: come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your

your modeſties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for, or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aſide.*]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecreſy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſes: and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your ſmiling, you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I ſaid, *Man delights not me?*

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainments the players ſhall receive from you:

we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you ſervice.

Dam. He that plays the king, ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventrous knight ſhall uſe his foil and target: the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis: the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o'the ſere: and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't.—What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Roſ. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, ſir, an aiery of children, little eyaſes, that, cry out on the top of queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically clapp'd for't: theſe are now the faſhion; and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of gooſe quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion.

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy:

verſy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is it poſſible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and thoſe, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elſinore. Your hands. Come then; the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhow fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north weſt; when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenſtern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwadling-clouts.

Roſ. Haply, he's the ſecond time come to them; for, they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You ſay right, ſir: o'monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roſcius was an actor in Rome—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his aſs.*——

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, tragical-hiſtorical, tragical-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, theſe are the only men.

Ham. *O, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael,*—what a treaſure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aſide.*

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot,* and then, you know, *It came to paſs, As moſt like it was.*—The firſt row of the pious chanſon will ſhow you more; for look, my abridgement comes.

Enter four or *five* Players.

You are welcome, maſters! welcome, all:—I am glad to ſee thee well: welcome, good friends—O, old friend! Why thy face is valanced ſince I ſaw thee laſt. Com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark?—What? my young lady and miſtreſs! By-'r-lady, your ladyſhip is nearer to heaven, than when

when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Maſters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French Falconers, fly at any thing we ſee: We'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleaſed not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgments, in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there were no ſallets in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection: but call'd it, an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine. One ſpeech in it I chiefly loved: t'was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of Priam's ſlaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me ſee, let me ſee:

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beaſt,—'tis not ſo; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons;
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roaſted in wrath and fire,

And

And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh Pyrrhus
Old grandſire Priam ſeeks.—So proceed you,

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken; with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 Play. *Anon he finds him*
Striking too ſhort at Greeks; his antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, ſtrikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword
The unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe; and, with a hideous craſh,
Takes priſoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, ſeem'd i'the air to ſtick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pauſe,
A roufed vengeance ſets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than Pyrrhus' bleeding ſword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general ſynod, take away her power;
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,

And

And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, ſay on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps:—ſay on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah woe! had ſeen the mobled queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem ſtood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in his eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon.—Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do you hear, let them be well uſed; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſerts.

Ham. Odds bodikin, man, much better: Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Uſe

them after your own honour and dignity: The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, ſirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Doſt thou hear me, old friend? Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt* POLONIUS *and* Players.] My good friends, [*To* ROS. *and* GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elſinore.

Roſ. Good, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay ſo, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue of paſſion,
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,

The

The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate acroſs?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I ſhould take it: for, it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter: or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave!
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab,
A ſcullion!
Fie upon't! Foh! About my brains! Humph!—I have heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the ſcene,
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,

Before mine uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confuſion;
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But, with a crafty madneſs, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſ. Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,
Moſt free in his reply.
Queen. Did you aſſay him
To any paſtime?
Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe on to theſe delights.

Roſ. We ſhall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too.
For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father, and myſelf (lawful eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.

Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of Hamlet's wildneſs; ſo ſhall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* QUEEN.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, ſo pleaſe you,
We will beſtow ourſelves:—Read on this book: [*To* OPH.
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs.—We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, do we ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. O, 'tis too true! how ſmart
A laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

Than is my deed to thy moſt painted word:
O heavy burden! [*Aſide.*

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And, by oppoſing, end them?—To die—to ſleep—
No more;—and, by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die?—to ſleep;—
To ſleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe: There's the reſpect,
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death—
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of reſolution

Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remember'd.

Oph. Good, my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into his likeneſs: this was ſome time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me: for virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you ſweet heavens!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another: you jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages; thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live: the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAMLET.

Oph.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword:
The expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
The obſerv'd of all obſervers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy: O, woe is me!
To have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. There's ſomething in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the diſcloſe,
Will be ſome danger. Which, for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus ſet it down: He ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply, the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet ſaid;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you pleaſe;

But,

But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To ſhow his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the ſame.

Enter HAMLET, *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who, for the moſt part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhows, and noiſe: I would have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep

o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end, both at the firſt, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere a mirror up to nature; to ſhow virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one, muſt, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others, O, there be players, that I have ſeen play—and heard others praiſe, and that highly—not to ſpeak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of chriſtians, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them, that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laught too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villainous; and ſhows a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.—Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the players make haſte.—[*Exit* POLONIUS. Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.
Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.
Hor. O, my dear lord—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
She hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf; for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſs'd are thoſe
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen;

And

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's ſtithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I muſt be idle:
Get you a place.

Daniſh march. A flouriſh. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

King. How fares our couſin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd; You cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, Hamlet; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord—you play'd once in the univerſity, you ſay. [*To* POLONIUS.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæſar: I was kill'd i'the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my lord; they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the* KING.

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *feet.*

Oph.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap.

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Your only jig-maker. What ſhould a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ſables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a-year: But, by'r lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe, whoſe epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

Trumpets ſound. The dumb ſhow follows.

Enter a king and a queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes ſhow of proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe, ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the king's ears, and exit. The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away,

away. The poiſoner wooes the queen with gifts; ſhe ſeems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means miſchief.

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhow him: Be not you aſhamed to ſhow, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times has Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd ſheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in moſt ſacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, e'er love be done!
But, woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you. Yet, though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:

For

For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity:
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
Where love is great, the littleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou——
P. Queen. O, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond but who kill'd the firſt.
Ham. That's wormwood.
P. Queen. The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love;
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
P. King. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But, what we do determine oft we break.
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, ſticks on the tree;
But fall, unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy:

Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favorite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend:
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun—
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are our's, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now—— [*To* OPHELIA.

P. King. 'Tis deeply ſworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth proteſt too much, methinks.

Ham.

Ham. O, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouſe-trap. Marry, how! Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Duke's name; his wife Baptiſta; you ſhall ſee anon; 'tis a knaviſh piece of work: But what of that? Your majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.—Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come:——

—The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property
On wholeſome life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon into the ſleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him in the garden for his eſtate. His name's Gonzago; the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian; You ſhall ſee anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king riſes.

Ham. What! frighted with falſe fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me ſome lights:---away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep,
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of feathers (if the reſt of my fortunes turn turk with me) with two Provencial roſes on my razed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players, ſir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou doſt know, O Damon dear,
This realm diſmantled was
Of Jove himſelf; and now reigns here
A very, very---peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Did'ſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning——

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!---Come, ſome muſick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike—he likes it not, perdy.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The king, ſir——

Ham. Ay, ſir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drink, ſir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhow itſelf more richer, to ſignify this to the Doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, ſir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courteſy is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer; my wit's diſeaſed: But, ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command: or, rather, as you ſay, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you ſay—

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays: Your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother!—But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration; impart.

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me?

Ham. And do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do, ſurely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, ſir, but, *While the graſs grows*—the proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter the PLAYERS *with Recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me ſee one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying: govern theſe ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and

and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'Sblood, do you think I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bleſs you, ſir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By the maſs, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weaſel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weaſel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS. GUIL. HOR. *&c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſs as the bitter day

Would

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none;
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals never, my ſoul, conſent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the ſame.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith deſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourſelves provide:
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from 'noyance; but much more
That ſpirit, upon whoſe weal depend and reſt
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a maſſy wheel,
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each

Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king ſigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Roſ. Guil. We will haſte us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf,
To hear the proceſs; I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home:
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, ſhould o'erhear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murder!---Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will;
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force--
To be foreſtalled, ere we come to fall,

Or

Or pardon'd being down. Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But, O, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: but 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limited ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying:
And now I'll do't;---and ſo he goes to heaven:
And ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcann'd:
A villain kills my father, and, for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as May;

And,

And, how his audit ſtands who knows, ſave heaven?
But, in our circumſtance, and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
No.
Up, ſword; and know thou a more horrid bent:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays:
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The KING *riſes, and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here.
Pray you be round with him.
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides himſelf.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, waat's the matter?

Queen.

Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter, now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not ſo!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down, you ſhall not budge;
You go not, till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET *makes a paſs through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O I am ſlain. [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth* POLONIUS.
Queen. O, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed!—almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ah, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To* POLONIUS.
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou

W. N. Gardiner del.t et sc.t

Hamlet

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Thou find's, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers oaths: O, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul; and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With thriftful viſage, as againſt the doom;
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars ſo loud and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterpart preſentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man:
This was your huſband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your huſband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blaſting

Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have,
Elſe, could you not have motion: But ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice,
To ſerve in ſuch a difference. What devil was't
That thus has cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, ſpeak no more:
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live,
In the rank ſweat of an enſeamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying and making love
Over the naſty ſtye;——

Queen. O, ſpeak to me no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears?
No more, ſweet Hamlet!

Ham.

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule;
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter GHOST.

Ham. A king
Of ſhreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That, laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget: This viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits:
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul;
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits widely peep;
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and ſtands on end. O gentle ſon!
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His

His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Leſt, with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

Queen Nothing at all; yet all that is, I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it ſteals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* GHOST.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecſtaſy!
My pulſe, as your's, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick: It is not madneſs
That I have utter'd: bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will reword; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heaven;
Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue if you have it not.
That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence: the next more eaſy:
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſs'd,
I'll bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo—
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do ſo?
No, in deſpite of ſenſe, and ſecreſy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the baſket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd: and my two ſchoolfellows—
Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd—
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: and it ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man ſhall ſet me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt ſeverally,* HAMLET *dragging in* POLONIUS.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves;
You muſt tranſlate: 'tis fit we underſtand them:
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.—
[*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the ſea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore,
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shows itſelf pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuſe.—Ho! Guildenſtern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid;
Hamlet in madneſs hath Polonius ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haſte in this.

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: ſo, haply, ſlander,—
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports his poiſon'd ſhot—may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air.—O, come away!
My ſoul is full of diſcord, and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham.——Safely ſtow'd—[ROS. *&c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But ſoft!—what noiſe? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Roſ. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it to duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Roſ. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence, and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Roſ. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge!—what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a king?

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; that ſoaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But ſuch officers do the king beſt ſervice in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you; and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter KING, *attended.*

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes looſe?

Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis ſo, the offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now? what hath befallen?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, Guildenſtern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures elſe, to fat us; and we fat ourſelves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable ſervice; two diſhes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhow you how a king may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; ſend thither to ſee: if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'the other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there. [*To ſome attendants.*

Ham. He will ſtay till you come. [*Exeunt attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done,—muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs: Therefore, prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a cherub, that ſees them.—But come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh; and ſo, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard.
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night:
Away; for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on the affair: Pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.
And, England, if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'ſt not coldly ſet

Our

Our ſovereign proceſs; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The preſent death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Plain in DENMARK.

Enter FORTINBRAS *and Forces, marching.*

For. Go, Captain, from me greet the Daniſh king;
Tell him, that by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Forces.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good ſir, whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of Norway, ſir.

Ham. How purpos'd, ſir,
I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, ſir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Cap. Truly to ſpeak, ſir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand ſouls and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhows no cauſe without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, ſir.

Cap. God be wi'you, ſir. [*Exit* CAPTAIN.

Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you ſtraight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſes
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on the event—
A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And, ever, three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means,
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
Witneſs this army, of ſuch maſs, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal, and unſure,

To

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That, for a fantaſy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the ſlain!—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit*

SCENE V.

ELSINORE. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter QUEEN *and* HORATIO.

Queen.——I will not ſpeak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, diſtract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Hor. She ſpeaks much of her father: ſays, ſhe hears
There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts:
Which, as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Queen.

Queen. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs:
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Re-enter HORATIO *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majeſty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. *How ſhould I your true love know*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and ſtaff,
And his ſandal ſhoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf,
At his heels a ſtone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia——

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow. [Sings.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. *Larded all with ſweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love ſhowers.

King.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield you! They ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means ſay you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;

Then up he roſe, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid,
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.

Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
[He anſwers.]
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
An thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muſt be patient: but I cannot chooſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i'the cold ground: My brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach!

Good

Good night, ladies; good night, ſweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe; give her good watch I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O! this is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions! Firſt, her father ſlain;
Next, your ſon gone; and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from France:
Feeds, on his wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death. [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack what noiſe is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourſelf, my lord?
The ocean overpeering of his liſt,

Eats

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry: *Chooſe we*; *Laertes ſhall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the falſe trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter LAERTES *arm'd*; Danes *following*.

Laer. Where is the king?—Sirs, ſtand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte unſmirched brow,
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon;
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience, and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I ſtand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, ſweepſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them, then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſibly in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! What noiſe is that?

Enter

Enter OPHELIA, *fantaſtically dreſs'd with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O, roſe of May!
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't poſſible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

OPH. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is panſies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and colombines:—there's rue for you; and here's ſome for me: we may call it, herb of grace o'ſundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daiſy.—I would give you ſome violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died: They ſay, he made a good end,—

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sings.

Laer.

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Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we caſt away moan;
God 'a mercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls! I pray God. God be wi' you!
[*Exit* OPHELIA.

Laer. Do you ſee this, O God?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will.
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call our's,
To you in ſatisfaction? but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo;
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,—
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall;
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HORATIO, *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Serv. Sailors, ſir;
They ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bleſs you, ſir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
1 *Sail.* He ſhall, ſir, an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you, ſir; it comes from the embaſſador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] Horatio, *When thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chaſe: Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compell'd valour; and, in the grapple, I boarded them: on the inſtant, they got clear of our ſhip; ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou would'ſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thine*

thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern *hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters:
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter KING *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces; ſo that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timber'd for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt;
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms;
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that; you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love yourſelf;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? What news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majeſty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Meſſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes: when I ſhall, firſt aſking your pardon thereunto, recount the occaſion of my ſudden and more ſtrange return.* Hamlet.

What

What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked*,—
And, in a poſtſcript here, he ſays, *alone:*
Can you adviſe me?

Laer. I am loſt in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus dideſt thou.

King. If it be ſo, Laertes,—
As how ſhould it be ſo?—how otherwiſe?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine: your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſs.—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the French,
And they can well on horſeback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt: ſo far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of ſhapes and tricks,
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you:
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you: the ſcrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee, in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it,
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs, growing to a plurify,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpendthrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing. But, to the quick o'the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: What would you undertake,
To ſhow yourſelf in deed your father's ſon
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads; he, being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that, with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword unbated, and, in a paſs of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laër. I will do't:
And, for the purpoſe, I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our ſhape: if this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd: therefore, this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft;—let me ſee:—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, ſweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow:—Your ſiſter's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſcaunt the brook,
That ſhows his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
Therewith fantaſtic garlands did ſhe make

Of

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes ſpread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, ſhe chanted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, *with ſpades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore make her grave ſtraight: the crowner hath ſet on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drown'd herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis faund ſo.

1 *Clo.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*; it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point: If I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argar, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

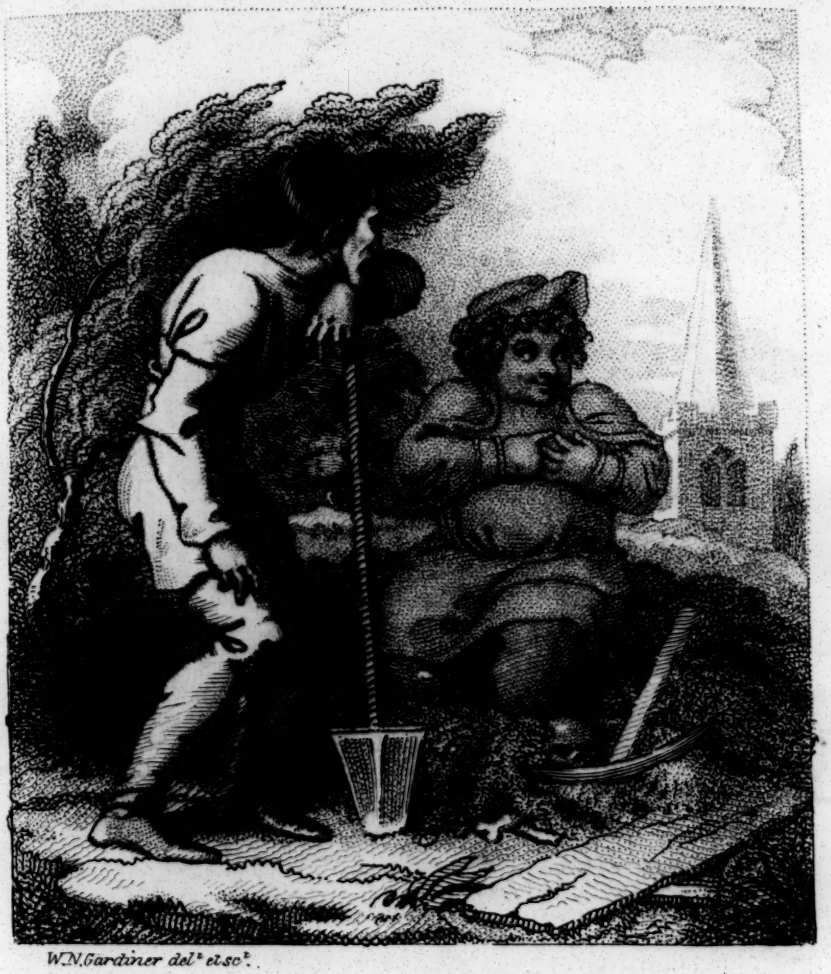
1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: Here ſtands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nil he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-queſt law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't; if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt: and the more pity, that great folks ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even chriſtian. Come;



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Come; my ſpade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers, they hold up Adam's profeſſion.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? The ſcripture ſays, Adam digg'd: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee: if thou anſwer'ſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker? for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well; it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay, the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are aſked this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker; the houſes that he makes, laſt till doomſday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clo.*

He

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very ſweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling for his buſineſs? he ſings at grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo: the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

1 Clo. *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch

[Throws up a ſcull.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could ſay, *Good-morrow, ſweet lord! How doſt thou, good lord?* This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo; and now my lady Worm's; chapleſs, and knock'd about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a ſpade, a ſpade,*
For—and a ſhrouding ſheet;

O, a

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

[Throws up a ſcull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep, and calves, which ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow:—Whoſe's grave's this, ſirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine, ſir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou lieſt in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, ſir, and therefore it is not your's: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay it is thine: 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick; therefore thou lieſt.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, ſir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, ſir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our laſt king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that ſince?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, becauſe he was mad: he ſhall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be ſeen in him there: there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have

have many pocky corſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year: a tanner will laſt you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, ſir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out the water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreſon mad fellow's it was: Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, ſir, was Yorick's ſcull, the king's jeſter.

Ham. This? [*Takes the ſcull.*

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen; Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, Alexander look'd o'this faſhion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah! [*Throws down the ſcull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæſar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But ſoft! but ſoft! aſide:—Here comes the king.

Enter Prieſts, *&c. in proceſſion; the corpſe of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following it;* KING, QUEEN, *their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers; who is this they follow?
And with ſuch maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corſe they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of ſome eſtate:
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with* HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

1 *Prieſt.* Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctify'd have lodg'd

Till

Till the laſt trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her:
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

1 *Prieſt.* No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her,
As to peace-departed ſouls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring!—I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the ſweet: Farewell!
[*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whoſe grief
Bears ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wand'ring ſtars, and makes them ſtand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy ſoul. [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat,
For, though I am not ſplenetive and raſh,
Yet I have in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear: Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O, my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia! forty thouſand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my ſum.—What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'Zounds, ſhow me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't faſt? woul't tear thyſelf?
Woul't drink up Eſil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Doſt thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make Oſſa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madneſs:

And

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, ſir;
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech;
[*To* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.—
Good Gertrude, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.—
This grave ſhall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, ſir, now you ſhall ſee the other;
You do remember all the circumſtance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes. Raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it—Let us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my deſire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making ſo bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command—
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! ſuch bugs and goblins in my life——
That, on the ſuperviſe, no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion; read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play:—I ſat me down;
Devis'd a new commiſſion: wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh;
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities;

And

And many ſuch like as's of great charge,—
That on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subſcrib'd it; gave't the impreſſion; plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight; and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So Guildenſtern and Roſencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Does by their own inſinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from England,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort: the interim is mine;

And a man's life's no more than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering paſſion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

Oſr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, ſir.--Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile: let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the king's meſs: 'tis a chough; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it, ſir, with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe; 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry and hot; or my complexion—

Oſr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very ſultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majeſty bade me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Oſr.

Oſr. Nay, good my lord: for my eaſe, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhowing: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither, in reſpect to his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirror; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, ſir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Oſr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? You will do't, ſir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purſe is empty already; all his golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, ſir.

Oſr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, ſir? yet, in faith if you did, it would not much approve me;—Well, ſir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, ſir, for his weapon: but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Oſr. The king, ſir, hath wager'd with him ſix Barbary horſes: againſt the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, ſix French rapiers, and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdles, hangers, and ſo: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Oſr. The carriages, ſir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german to the matter, if we would carry a cannon by our ſides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh: Why is this impawn'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The king, ſir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen paſſes between yourſelf and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How, if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it pleaſe his majeſty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, ſir; after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himſelf; there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he ſuck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter: a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnow'd opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majeſty commended him to you by young Oſrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he ſends to know, if your pleaſure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the king's pleaſure: if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready; now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen deſires you, to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou would'ſt not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it: I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all: ſince no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRICK, *and Attendants, with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* KING *puts the hand of* LAERTES *into that of* HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, ſir: I have done you wrong:
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have heard,
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madneſs: If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd:
His madneſs is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,

That

That I have ſhot my arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour,
I ſtand aloof: and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder maſters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils: come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a fiery ſtar i'the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, ſir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Oſrick.—Couſin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it: I have ſeen you both:—
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well: Theſe foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*

Oſr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoups of wine upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the firſt or ſecond hit,

Or

Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king ſhall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, ſir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets ſound, and cannon ſhot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; what ſay you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat and ſcant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouſes to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poiſon'd cup; it is too late. [*Aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*Aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. [*They play.*

Oſr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*

Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both ſides:—How is it, my lord?

Oſr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, Oſrick;
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink;—I am poiſon'd. [*Dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art ſlain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to riſe again: Thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom to thy work.
[*Stabs the* KING.

Oſr. & Lords. Treaſon! Treaſon!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?
Follow my mother. [KING *dies.*

Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd;
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.—
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio!—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell ſergeant death,
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt; report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou did'ſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory.— [*March afar off, and ſhot within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

Oſr.

Oſr. Young Fortinbras, with conqueſt come from Poland,
To the ambaſſadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poiſon quite o'er-crows my ſpirits;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophecy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice?
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and leſs,
Which have ſolicited,—The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, ſweet prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* ENGLISH AMBASSADORS, *and Others.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock!—O proud death!
What feaſt is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou ſo many princes at a ſhot,
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
1 *Amb.* The ſight is diſmal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince, ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,

You

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view;
And let me ſpeak, to the yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about: So ſhall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpaſes miſtook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this fame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; leſt more miſchance,
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four Captains
Bear Hamlet, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally: and, for his paſſage,
The ſoldier's muſick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhows much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot. [*A dead march.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which, a peal of ordnance is ſhot off.*

THE END.

Harding's Edition.

OTHELLO,

THE MOOR OF VENICE;

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE ſtory is taken from *Cynthio's Novels*. POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any tranſlation of this novel (the ſeventh in the third decad) of ſo early a date as the age of Shakſpeare; but undoubtedly many of thoſe little pamphlets have periſhed between his time and ours.

It is highly probable that our author met with the name of *Othello* in ſome tale that has eſcaped our reſearches; as I likewiſe find it in *God's Revenge againſt Adultery*, ſtanding in one of his Arguments as follows: "She marries *Othello*, an old German ſoldier." This Hiſtory (the eighth) is profeſſed to be an *Italian* one. Here alſo occurs the name of *Iago*.

It may indeed be urged that theſe names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but I truſt that every reader who is converſant with the peculiar ſtyle and method in which the work of honeſt John Reynolds is compoſed, will acquit him of the ſlighteſt familiarity with the ſcenes of Shakſpeare.

This play was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.

I have ſeen a French tranſlation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I ſuſpect, through this medium the work came into Engliſh. FARMER.

This tragedy I have aſcribed (but on no very ſure ground) to the year 1611. MALONE.

The time of this play may be aſcertained from the following circumſtances: Selymus the Second formed his deſign againſt Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that iſland after it came into the hands of

of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time muſt fall in with ſome part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkiſh fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invaſion of Cyprus, that it firſt came ſailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another ſquadron, and then reſumed its way to Cyprus. Theſe are real hiſtorical facts which happened when Muſtapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See *Knolles's Hiſtory of the Turks*, p. 838, 846, 867. REED.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, *brother to* Brabantio.
LODOVICO, *kinſman to* Brabantio.
OTHELLO, *the Moor:*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant;*
IAGO, *his Ancient.*
RODERIGO, *a* Venetian *Gentleman.*
MONTANO, Othello's *predeceſſor in the government of* Cyprus.
Clown, ſervant to Othello.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, *daughter to* Brabantio, *and wife to* Othello.
EMILIA, *wife to* Iago.
BIANCA, *a courtezan, miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the firſt Act, in Venice; *during the reſt of the play, at a ſea-port in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine,—ſhould'ſt know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter,
Abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Deſpiſe me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them, with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in concluſion, nonſuits
My mediators; *for*, *certes*, ſays he,
I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Caſſio, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; unleſs the bookiſh theorick,
Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip. But, he, ſir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen,—muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caſter;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark!) his Moor-ſhip's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, ſir, be judge yourſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, ſir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
coats,
Do themſelves homage: theſe fellows have ſome ſoul;
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
For, ſir,
It is as ſure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myſelf;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry't thus!
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him: make after him, poiſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinſmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her father's houſe; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.
Rod. What ho! Brabantio! ſignior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. 'Zounds, ſir, you are robb'd; for ſhame put on your gown;
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe;
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you:
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; What are you?
Rod. My name is—Roderigo.
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir, ſir,——
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good ſir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My houſe is not a grange.

Rod.

Rod. Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, ſir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe; you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, ſir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer; I know thee, Roderigo.

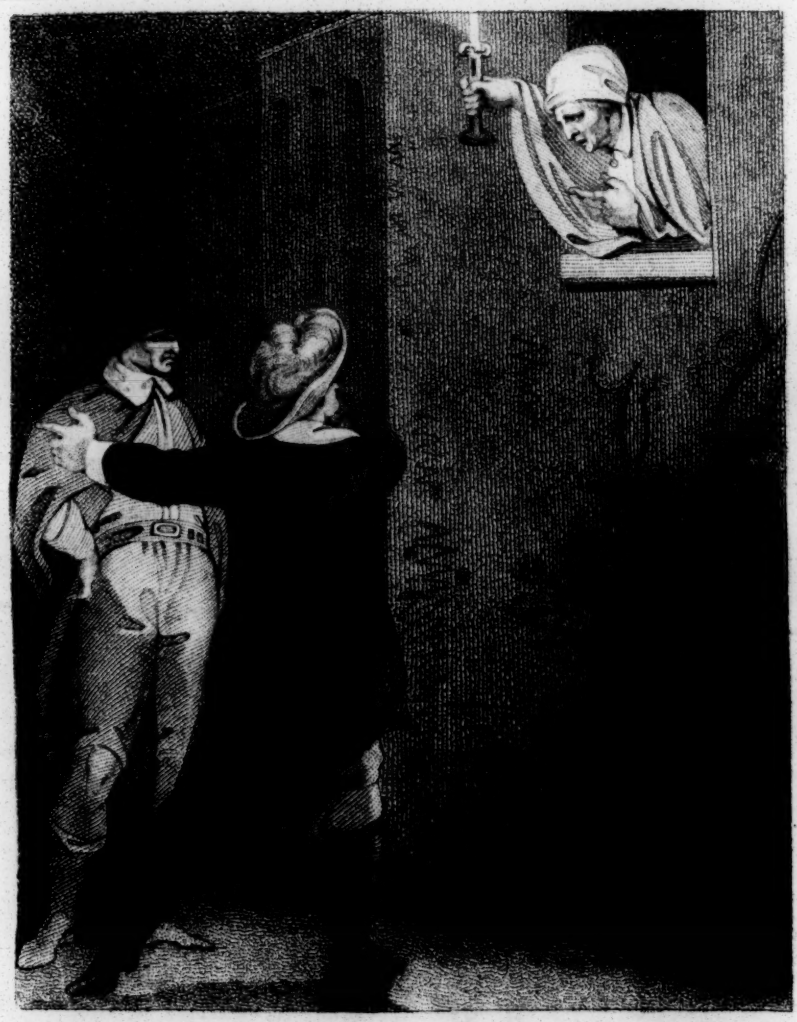
Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,
Tranſported—with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the ſenſe of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where: Straight ſatisfy yourſelf:
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,

Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already:—
Light, I ſay! light! [*Exit, from above.*
Iago. Farewell; for I muſt leave you:
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moor: For, I do know, the ſtate,—
However this may gall him with ſome check,—
Cannot with ſafety caſt him; for he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now ſtand in act,) that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their buſineſs: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhow out a flag and ſign of love,
Which is indeed but ſign. That you ſhall ſurely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſs.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didſt thou ſee her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, ſay'ſt thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe?—O, thou deceiv'ſt me
Paſt thought!—What ſaid ſhe to you?—Get more tapers;
Raiſe all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

Rod.



Thurston, Del. *Hopwood, Sculp.*

Othello

Act. 1. Scene. 1.

Published by Vernor & Hood, 1. Nov. 1798.

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got ſhe out!—O treaſon of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, ſir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, ſome another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can diſcover him; if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call;
I may command at moſt:—Get weapons, ho!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of night.
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deſerve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'the conſcience,
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me ſervice: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms

Againſt your honour,
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, ſir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,—
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what reſtraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpite:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſigniory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, *at a diſtance, and certain Officers with torches.*

Iago. Theſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caſ.

Caſ. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte-poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Caſ. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat: the gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the conſuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The ſenate hath ſent about three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Caſ. I do not underſtand.
Iago. He's married.
Caſ. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be adviſ'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth.

Oth. Hola! ſtand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, ſir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt them.—

Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—ſo tender, fair, and happy;
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion:—I'll have it diſputed on:
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it

Without

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon; till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him?
Off. 'Tis true, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I am ſure, is ſent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and pagans, ſhall our ſtateſmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, *and* Senators, *ſitting at a table*; *Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2. *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But

But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkiſh fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgement;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer *with a* Sailor.

Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the buſineſs?

Sail. The Turkiſh preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the ſtate,
By ſignior Angelo.

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1. *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze: When we conſider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We muſt not think, the Turk is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1. *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought:—How many, as you gueſs?

Meſſ. Of thirty ſail: and now do they re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccheſé, is he not in town?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wiſh him poſt-poſt-haſte: deſpatch.

1. *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior;
[*To* BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counſel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill itſelf.

Duke.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, ſtol'n from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,
Sans witchcraft could not——
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate affairs,
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen. We are very ſorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you ſay to this?
[*To* OTHELLO.
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,

More

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at herſelf; And ſhe,—in ſpite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on?
It is a judgement maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs—perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.

1. *Sen.* But, Othello, ſpeak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I do beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,

The

The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Deſdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you beſt know the place.—
[*Exeunt* IAGO *and Attendants.*
And, till ſhe come, as truly as to heaven
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſs'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak, ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to hear,
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte deſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my diſcourſe: Which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively: I did conſent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore,—In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſs'd;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs, that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs;

Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Def. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhow'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.
Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your ſake, jewel,
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;

We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beſeech you, proceed to the affairs of ſtate.

Duke. The Turk with a moſt mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you: And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allow'd ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
Theſe preſent wars againſt the Ottomites.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation, and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you pleaſe,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Deſ. Nor I; I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,

By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, Deſdemona?

Deſ. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—'beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid ſeel with wanton dullneſs
My ſpeculative and active inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation!

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,

Either

Either for her ſtay, or going: the affair cries—haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it; you muſt hence to-night.
Def. To-night, my lord.
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
With ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.
Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honeſty, and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife.
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.
Duke. Let it be ſo.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble ſignior,
[*To* BRABANTIO.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.
1. *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! uſe Deſdemona well.
Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to ſee;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Senators, Officers, *&c.*
Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honeſt Iago,
My Deſdemona muſt I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the beſt advantage.—
Come, Deſdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee: we muſt obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.
Rod. Iago.
Iago. What ſay'ſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after it. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years: and ſince I could diſtinguiſh a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourſelves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either to have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions: But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a ſect, or ſcion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyſelf? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs; I could never better ſtead thee than now.

now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe wars; defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that Deſdemona ſhould long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purſe; —nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration;—put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills; —fill thy purſe with money: the food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice. —She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a ſuperſubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way: ſeek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him: if thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll ſell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purſe. [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well;
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me ſee:—
After ſome time, to abuſe Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by the noſe,
As aſſes are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. *A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?
1. *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Deſcry a ſail.
Mon. Methinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?
2. *Gent.* A ſegregation of the Turkiſh fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billow ſeems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like moleſtation view
On th' enchaf'd flood.
Mon. If that the Turkiſh fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impoſſible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turks,

That

That their deſignment halts: A noble ſhip of Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.
Mon. How! is this true?
3. *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A Veroneſé; Michael Caſſio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on ſhore: the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3. *Gent.* But this ſame Caſſio,—though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs,—yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.
Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide, ho!
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea!
Mon. Is he well ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*Within.*] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Caſ. What noiſe?
4. *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o'the ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the governour.
2. *Gent.* They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy;
[*Guns heard.*
Our friends, at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, ſir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2. *Gent.* I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter ſecond Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Caſ. He has had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,—
Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel,
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine Deſdemona.

Mon.

Mon. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Deſ. I thank you, valiant Caſſio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. O, but I fear;—How loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip: But, hark! a ſail.
[*Cry within.* A ſail, a ſail! *Then guns heard.*
2. *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news.—
[*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, miſtreſs:—
[*To* EMILIA.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold ſhow of courteſy. [*Kiſſing her.*

Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.

Deſ. Alas, ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep:
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds.

Deſ. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a Turk;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Deſ. Come on, aſſay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.—
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muſe labours,
And thus ſhe is deliver'd.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe,—fairneſs, and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Def. Well prais'd! How if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Def. Worſe and worſe.

Emil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Def. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. There's none ſo foul, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wiſe ones do.

Def. O heavy ignorance!—thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail,
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever ſuch wight were,—

Def. To do what?

Iago. To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.

Def. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy huſband.—How

ſay

ſay you, Caſſio? is he not a moſt profane and liberal counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well ſaid, whiſper: with as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as Caſſio. Ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true; 'tis ſo, indeed: if ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the ſir in. Very good; well kiſs'd! an excellent courteſy! 'tis ſo, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyſter-pipes for your ſake!—— [*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Deſ. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Deſ.

Deſ. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!—
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be, [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll ſet down the pegs that make this muſick,
As honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

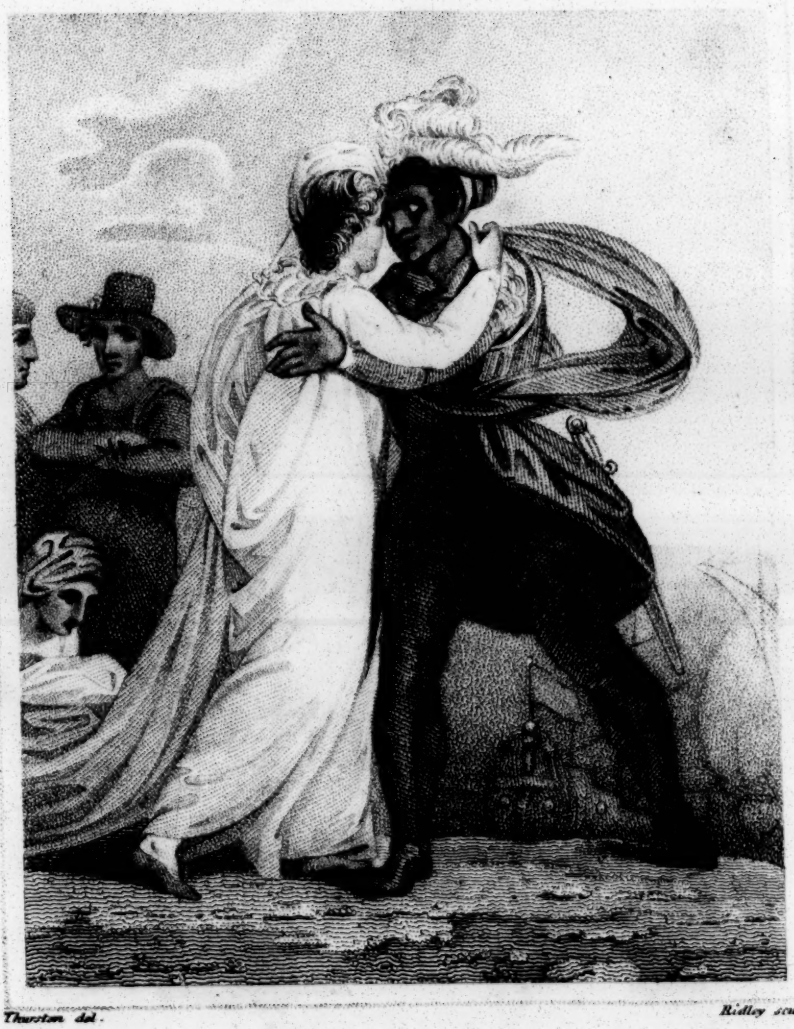
Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?—
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongſt them. O my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Doth challenge much reſpect.—Come, Deſdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'ſt valiant as (they ſay) baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—liſt me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—Firſt, I muſt tell thee this—Deſdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies: And



Thurston del. Ridley sculp

Othello.

Act 2, Sc. 2.

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And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed; and what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be,—again to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite,—lovelineſs in favour; ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of theſe required conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abuſed, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, ſir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforced poſition,) who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Caſſio does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? why, none; why, none: A ſlippery and ſubtle knave: a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf: A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young; and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A peſtilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; ſhe is full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd fig's end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes: if ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have loved the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when theſe

mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: Piſh!—But, ſir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Caſſio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find ſome occaſion to anger Caſſio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline; or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is raſh, and very ſudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may ſtrike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to mutiny; whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by the diſplanting of Caſſio. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them; and the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Caſſio loves her, I do well believe it;
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Deſdemona
A moſt dear huſband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſty Moor
Hath leap'd into my ſeat: the thought whereof

Doth,

Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or ſhall content my ſoul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I traſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip;
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
For I fear Caſſio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, *with a proclamation: people following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleaſure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkiſh fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his addiction leads him; for, beſides theſe beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bleſs the iſle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
[*To* DESDEMONA.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and Attend.*

Enter IAGO.

Caſ. Welcome, Iago: We muſt to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general caſt us thus early, for the love of his Deſdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for Jove.
Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Caſ. Indeed, ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye ſhe has! methinks, it ſounds a parley of provocation.

Caſ.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And, when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black Othello.

Caſ. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't; but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs' dog. Now, my ſick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward,
To Deſdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,—
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Caſſio in ſome action

That may offend the iſle:—But here they come:
If conſequence do but approve my dream,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Re-enter CASSIO; *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.
And let me the canakin clink:
A ſoldier's a man;
A life's but a ſpan;
Why then, let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your ſwag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſ. Is your Engliſhman ſo expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. O ſweet England!

King Stephen *was a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;

He

He held them ſixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Caſ. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be ſaved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our ſins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well, then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by Cæſar
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a juſt equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truſt Othello puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Caſſio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aſide.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action, to ſay
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland:
I do love Caſſio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noiſe?
[*Cry within,*—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ.

Caſ. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue? [*Striking* RODERIGO.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, ſir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, ſir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aſide to* ROD. *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—ſir,—Montano,—ſir;—
Help, maſters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will riſe: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—ſir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general ſpeaks to you; hold, for ſhame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the iſle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, maſters?—
Honeſt Iago, that look'ſt dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Deveſting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had loſt
Theſe legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night;
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometime a vice;
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgement collied,
Aſſays to lead the way: If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who ſet it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of ſafety!
'Tis monſtrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to Michael Caſſio;
Yet, I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Caſſio following him with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caſſio, and entreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt, by his clamour, (as it ſo fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, ſwift of foot,
Outran my purpoſe; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And Caſſio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might ſay before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them cloſe together,

At

At blow, and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:—
Though Caſſio did ſome little wrong to him,—
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet, ſurely, Caſſio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caſſio:—Caſſio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.
Deſ. What's the matter, dear?
Oth. All's well now, ſweeting; Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myſelf will be your ſurgeon: Lead him off.
[*To* MONTANO, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.—
Come, Deſdemona; 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.
Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Caſ. Ay, paſt all ſurgery.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part, ſir, of myſelf,

myſelf, and what remains is beſtial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving: You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion: ſue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpiſed, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrot? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow?—O thou inviſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? What had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is it poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould, with joy, revel, pleaſure, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It hath pleaſed the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectneſs ſhows me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler: As the time,

time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but, ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! O ſtrange!—Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well uſed; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approved it, ſir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I'll tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confeſs yourſelf freely to her; importune her; ſhe'll help to put you in your place again: ſhe is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted: This broken joint, between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I muſt to the watch.

Caſ.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays,—I play the villain?
When this advice is free, I give, and honeſt,
Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the courſe
To win the Moor again? For 'tis moſt eaſy
The inclining Deſdemona to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counſel Caſſio to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhows,
As I do now: For, while this honeſt fool
Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortunes,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,—
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt;
And, by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd;

cudgell'd; and, I think, the iſſue will be—I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains: and ſo, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Caſſio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſhier'd Caſſio:
Though other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thyſelf a while.—By the maſs, 'tis morning;
Pleaſure, and action, make the hours ſeem ſhort.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rod.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife muſt move for Caſſio to her miſtreſs;
I'll ſet her on;
Myſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Caſſio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Caſtle.

Enter CASSIO, *and ſome* Muſicians.

Caſ. Maſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general.
[*Muſick.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they ſpeak i'the noſe thus?

1. *Muſ.* How, ſir, how!

Clo. Are theſe, I pray you, call'd wind inſtruments?

1. *Muſ.* Ay, marry, are they, ſir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1. *Muſ.* Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

Clo. Marry, ſir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's money for you: and the general ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you, of all loves, to make no more noiſe with it.

1. *Muſ.* Well, ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the general does not greatly care.

1. *Muſ.* We have none ſuch, ſir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vaniſh into air; away. [*Exeunt* Muſicians.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one Caſſio entreats her a little favour of ſpeech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is ſtirring, ſir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Caſ. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To ſend in to your wife: My ſuit to her
Is, that ſhe will to virtuous Deſdemona
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her to you preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honeſt.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſoon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholeſome wiſdom,
He might not but refuſe you: but, he proteſts, he loves you;

And

And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To take the ſaf'ſt occaſion by the front,
To bring you in again.
Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With Deſdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. Theſe letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the ſtate:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Caſtle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd, good Caſſio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my huſband,
As if the caſe were his.
Deſ. O, that's an honeſt fellow.—Do not doubt, Caſſio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. O, ſir, I thank you: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no further off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtance,
That, I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,
My general will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article: my lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;

I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Caſſio's ſuit: Therefore be merry, Caſſio;
For thy ſolicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a diſtance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why, ſtay,
And hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, well,
Do your diſcretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Caſſio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my lord? No, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't, you mean?
Deſ. Why, your lieutenant Caſſio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,

I have no judgement in an honeſt face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. Ay, ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet Deſdemona; ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Deſ. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Deſ. Why then, to-morrow night; or tueſday morn;
Or tueſday noon, or night; or wedneſday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
To incur a private check: When ſhall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you could aſk me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mammering on. What! Michael Caſſio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! Truſt me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,

Or

Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon: Nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Deſdemona: I will come to thee ſtraight.

Deſ. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with* EMILIA.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: Why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honeſt.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought
Too hideous to be ſhown.—Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now,—Thou lik'dſt not that,
When Caſſio left my wife; What did'ſt not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counſel
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cry'dſt, *Indeed?*
And did'ſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then had'ſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou doſt love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou doſt;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,—
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They are cloſe denotements, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Caſſio,—
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why then,
I think that Caſſio is an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,

As

As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe,—
As where's that palace, whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſes; and, oft, my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering and unſure obſervance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor:—
Good heaven, the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me: No, Iago;
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhow the love and duty that I bear you

With

With franker ſpirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor ſecure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In Venice they do let heaven ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhow their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeel her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do ſee you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs

As

As my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I ſee you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think, but Deſdemona's honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we ſee, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to obſerve: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Caſſio have his place,
(For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have, to fear—I am,)

And

And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Muſt be—to loath her. O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſes. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe:
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Deſdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If ſhe be falſe, O, then heaven mocks itſelf!—
I'll not believe it.
Def. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders
By you invited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Def. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def.

Def. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTH. *and* DES.
Emil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it: but ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it,)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it to Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to Deſdemona;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Emil. No, faith; ſhe let it drop by negligence;

And

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Emil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of 't; I have uſe for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Caſſio's lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſon:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poiſons,
Which, at the firſt, are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! falſe to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou haſt ſet me on the rack:—
I ſwear,

I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt?
I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it poſſible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee it; or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago.

Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!—
O monſtrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, ſince love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay, ſtay:—Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof: Her name, that was as freſh
As Dian's viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were ſatisfied!
Iago. I ſee, ſir, you are eaten up with paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, I will.
Iago. And may: But, how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you, the ſuperviſor, groſsly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that proſpect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible, you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you ſatisfaction, you may have it.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:
But, ſith I am enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,—
Prick'd to it by fooliſh honeſty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Caſſio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Caſſio:
In ſleep I heard him ſay,—*Sweet Deſdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, ſir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, ſweet creature!* and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then lay'd his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd; and then
Cry'd,—*Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*
Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone concluſion;
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wiſe: yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I am ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Caſſio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I ſee 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Ariſe, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues!
Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Helleſpont;
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a ſacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's ſervice! let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody work ſoever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That Caſſio's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your requeſt:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Def. Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant Caſſio lies?
Clo. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.
Def. Why, man?
Clo. He is a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, is ſtabbing.

Def. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and by them anſwer.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compaſs of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

Def. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think, the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till Caſſio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aſide.*] O, hardneſs to diſſemble!—
How do you, Deſdemona?

Def. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moiſt, my lady.
Def. It yet has felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moiſt: This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot ſpeak of this. Come now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?
Def. I have ſent to bid Caſſio come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſullen rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Def. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people: ſhe told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;

And

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did ſo: and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To loſe or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Deſ. Is it poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:
A ſibyl, that had number'd in the world
The ſun to make two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.

Deſ. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable; therefore look to't well.

Deſ. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never ſeen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out of the way?

Deſ. Heaven bleſs us!

Oth. Say you?

Deſ. It is not loſt; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Deſ. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it.

Deſ. Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit;
I pray, let Caſſio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind miſgives.

Deſ. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Deſ. I pray, talk me of Caſſio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Deſ. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Deſ. In ſooth,
You are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Deſ. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhows us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Caſſio, and my huſband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And, lo, the happineſs! go, and impórtune her.
Deſ. How now, good Caſſio? what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That neither ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again,
But to know ſo muſt be my benefit;
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

Deſ.

Def. Alas! thrice-gentle Caſſio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myſelf I dare: let that ſuffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Def. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of ſtate,—
[*Exit* IAGO.
Either from Venice; or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made démonſtrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit: and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even ſo;
For let our finger ach, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that ſenſe
Of pain: Nay, we muſt think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervances
As fit the bridal.—Beſhrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandſome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;

But

But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be ſtate matters, as you think;
And on conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Deſ. Alas, the day! I never gave him cauſe.

Emil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monſter,
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heaven keep that monſter from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him.—Caſſio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Caſſio?

Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair Bianca?
I' faith, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Caſſio.
What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eight ſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight ſcore times?
O weary reckoning!

Caſ. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſs'd;
But I ſhall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Caſſio, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend.
To the felt abſence now I feel a cauſe;
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Caſ. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now;
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not, ſweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſ. Not, that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night.
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?
Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,——
Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot it:—
Thou ſaid'ſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good, now.

Iago. What, if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſupplied them, cannot chooſe
But they muſt blab—

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We ſay, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulſome.—Handkerchief,—confeſſions,—handkerchief.—To confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour.—Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſs:—I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome inſtruction. It is not words, that ſhake me thus:—Piſh!—Noſes, ears, and lips:—Is it poſſible?—Confeſs!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames, even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I ſay! Othello!—How now, Caſſio?

Caſ. What is the matter?

Iago.

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepſy;
This is the ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.
Iago. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Iago. Good ſir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar; your caſe is better.
O, 'tis the ſpite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch,
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. O, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither: I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſe upon your ecſtaſy;

Bade

Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, Iago?
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But (doſt thou hear?) moſt bloody.

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *withdraws.*

Now will I queſtion Caſſio of Bianca,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Caſſio,—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he ſhall ſmile, Othello ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor Caſſio's ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Deſdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this ſuit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

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The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
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How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ.

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Do you hear, Caſſio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!—what? a cuſtomer! I pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit; do not think it ſo unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: They laugh, that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcored me? Well. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the ſea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand, ſhe falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Caſſio! as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth.

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I muſt take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief! [*Aſide.*

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caſ. 'Faith I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreet elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. 'Faith, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; ſay no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman, your wife! ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a ſweeter creature: ſhe might lie by an emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but ſay what ſhe is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable muſician! O, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear!—Of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. O, a thouſand, a thouſand times:—And then, of ſo gentle a condition!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, Iago; this night:—I'll not expoſtulate

expoſtulate with her, left her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon ; ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And, for Caſſio,—let me be his undertaker : You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that ſame ?

Iago. Something from Venice, ſure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, ſir.

Lod. The duke and ſenators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a packet.*

Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

Deſ. And what's the news, good couſin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you : How does lieutenant Caſſio ?

Iago. Lives, ſir.

Deſ. Couſin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach : but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that ?

Deſ. My lord ?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—

[*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt thy lord and Caſſio ?

Deſ. A moſt unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Caſſio.

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Def. My lord?
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Caſſio in his government.
Def. By my troth, I'm glad on't.
Oth. Indeed?
Def. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. How, ſweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my ſight!
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,——
Def. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, ſir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and ſhe can weep, ſir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient, as you ſay,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, ſir,—O well-painted paſſion!

I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll ſend for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!
[*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And,—ſir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, ſir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies!
[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call—all-in-all ſufficient? This the noble nature
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; Yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me, to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him;
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen Caſſio and ſhe together.
Emil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whiſper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange.
Emil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For, if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.—
[*Exit* EMILIA.
She ſays enough;—yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet-lock-and-key of villainous ſecrets:
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I have ſeen her do't.

Re-enter

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Def. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes;
Look in my face.
Def. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs; [*To* EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your myſtery, your myſtery;—nay, deſpatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
Def. Upon my knees, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it, damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double damn'd,
Swear—thou art honeſt.
Def. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I falſe?
Oth. O Deſdemona!—away!—away!—away!
Def. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occaſion of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorn
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Deſ. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. O, ay; as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe aches at thee,—'Would, thou had'ſt ne'er been born!

Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,

Is

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Des. 'Faith, half asleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay

Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets,—remember;—
And call thy huſband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed!

[*Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my great'ſt abuſe?

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, madam? How is it with you?

Def. I cannot tell. Thoſe, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks:
He might have chid me ſo; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Def. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such as, ſhe ſays, my lord did ſay I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Def. I do not know; I am ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Emil. Has ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Def.

Deſ. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Have not devis'd this ſlander; I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fy, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heaven pardon him!
Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold;
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Even from the eaſt to the weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emil. O, fye upon him! ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Deſ. O good Iago,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot ſay, whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
And the great meſſengers of Venice ſtay:
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'ſt me with ſome device, Iago; and rather (as it ſeems to me now,) keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet perſuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolifhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Deſdemona, would half have corrupted a votariſt: You have told me—ſhe has received them, and return'd

turn'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I ſay, it is very ſcurvy; and begin to find myſelf fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to Deſdemona: If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now.

Rod. Ay, and I have ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even, from this inſtant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception: but yet, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour,—this night ſhow it: if thou the next night following enjoyeſt not Deſdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reaſon, and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from Venice, to depute Caſſio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Deſdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with

with him the fair Deſdemona, unleſs his abode be linger'd here by ſome accident; wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of Caſſio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourſelf a profit, and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleaſure; I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will ſhow you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time, and the night grows to waſte: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, ſir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth.

Oth. Will you walk, ſir?—
O,—Deſdemona,—
Deſ. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the inſtant; I will be return'd forthwith: diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done.
Deſ. I will, my lord.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, *and Attendants.*
Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.
Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſs you.
Emil. Diſmiſs me!
Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.
Emil. I would, you had never ſeen him!
Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.
Emil. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bade me on the bed.
Deſ. All's one:—Good father! how fooliſh are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Deſ. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forſake her: ſhe had a ſong of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it: That ſong, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, deſpatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ.

Deſ. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handſome man.

Deſ. And he ſpeaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poor ſoul ſat ſighing by a ſycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoften'd the ſtones;

Lay by theſe:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.

Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

2.

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Deſ. *I call'd my love, falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it ſaid ſo.—O, theſe men, theſe men!—
Doſt thou in conſcience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Emil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i'the dark.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a ſmall vice.

Def. Good troth, I think thou would'ſt not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring; nor for meaſures of lawn; nor for gowns, petti-coats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture pur-gatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, as would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they ſlack their duties,

And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or, ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them: they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too: And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them uſe us well: elſe, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Def. Good night, good night: Heaven me ſuch uſage ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, ſtand behind this bulk; ſtraight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy ſword.
[*Retires to a little diſtance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me ſatisfying reaſons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*Goes to his ſtand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Caſſio,
Or Caſſio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Deſdemona;
It muſt not be: if Caſſio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in much peril:
No, he muſt die:—But ſo, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dieſt.
[*Ruſhes from his poſt, and makes a paſs at* CASSIO.
Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'ſt;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.
Rod. O, I am ſlain!
[IAGO *ruſhes from his poſt, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the leg, and exit.*
Caſ. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a diſtance.*

Oth. The voice of Caſſio:—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. Hark! 'tis even ſo.
Caſ. O, help! ho! light! a ſurgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honeſt, and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teacheſt me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the cry is very direful.
Caſ. O, help!

Lod.

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:
Theſe may be counterfeits; let's think't unſafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, *with a light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Caſ. Here, here; for heaven's ſake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Caſ. Iago? O, I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.

Rod. O, help me here!

Caſ. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous ſlave! O villain!
[IAGO *ſtabs* RODERIGO.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i'the dark!—Where be theſe bloody
thieves?—
How ſilent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, ſir.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Caſſio hurt
By villains.
Gra. Caſſio?
Iago. How is it, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. O my dear Caſſio! my ſweet Caſſio!
O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet!—Caſſio, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry, to find you thus: I have been to ſeek
you.
Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience a while, good Caſſio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas!

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, ſure;—O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, ſir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, Caſſio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well ſaid;—the chair:—
[*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's ſurgeon.—For you, miſtreſs,
[*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies ſlain here, Caſſio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o'the air.—
[CASSIO *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye?—
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs will ſpeak,
Though tongues were out of uſe.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, huſband?
Iago. Caſſio hath here been ſet on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are ſcap'd;
He's almoſt ſlain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Caſſio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night:—
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupp'd at my houſe; but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. O, did he ſo? I charge you, go with me.
Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet; but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.
Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go ſee poor Caſſio dreſs'd:—
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aſide.*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

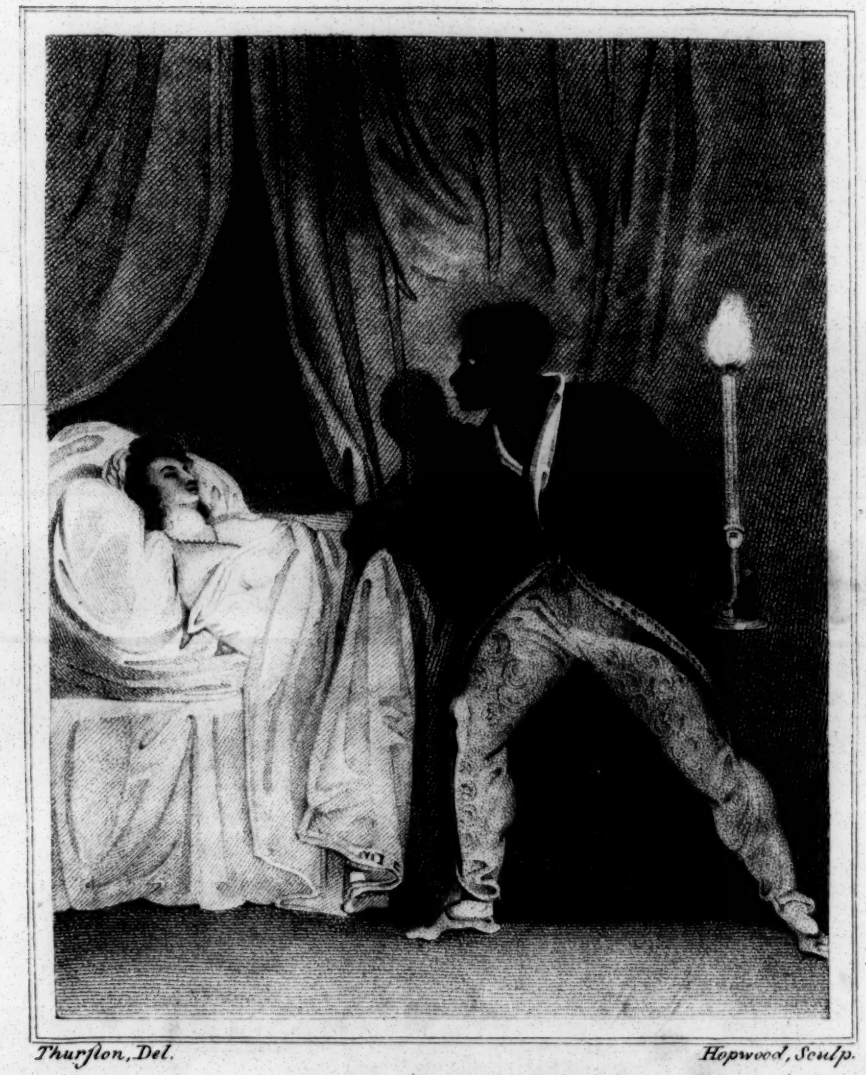
SCENE II.

A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA *in bed aſleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!—
It is the cauſe.—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood;
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*Takes off his ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,

Thou



Thurston, Del. *Hopwood, Sculp.*

Othello.

Act. 5. Scene. 2.

Published by Verner & Hood, 1 Nov. 1798.

Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither:—I'll ſmell it on the tree.—
[*Kiſſing her.*
O balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: This ſorrow's heavenly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Deſ. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Deſdemona.

Deſ. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?

Deſ. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.

Deſ. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy ſoul.

Deſ. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Deſ. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Deſ. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When

When your eyes roll ſo: Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dieſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill!
Def. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'ſt to Caſſio.
Def. No, by my life and ſoul;
Send for the man, and aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the ſtrong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Then, Lord have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen.
Def. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Caſſio,
But with ſuch general warránty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I ſaw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder,

A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice:
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſs'd.
Def. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He'll not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Def. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Def. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! Weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O, baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet!
Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive,—
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord!
my lord!
Oth. What noiſe is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead!
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, ſo.
Emil. [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth.

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? Were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again:—No.—What's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O, inſupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont;
And makes men mad.

Emil. Caſſio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Caſſio kill'd?

Emil. No, Caſſio is not kill'd.

Oth.

Oth. Not Caſſio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Def. O, falſely, falſely murder'd!
Emil. Alas! what cry's that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, ſpeak again!
Sweet Deſdemona! O, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!
Def. A guiltleſs death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Def. Nobody; I myſelf; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay herſelf, it was not I.
Emil. She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel ſhe,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Emil. Thou doſt belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Emil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe; O, ſhe was heavenly true!
Oth. Caſſio did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity; Thy huſband knew it all.
Emil. My huſband?
Oth. Thy huſband.
Emil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Caſſio.
Nay,

Nay, had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Emil. My huſband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My huſband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I ſay, thy huſband.
Emil. O miſtreſs, villainy hath made mocks with love!—
My huſband ſay, that ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; Doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.
Emil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Emil. Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou haſt done a deed,—
I care not for thy ſword; I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my miſtreſs; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.

Gra.

Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe;
I know, thou didſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She falſe with Caſſio!—Did you ſay, with Caſſio?
Iago. With Caſſio, miſtreſs; Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs here lies murder'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forefend!
Emil. And your reports have ſet the murder on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. O monſtrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I ſmell't;—O villainy!
I thought ſo then;—I'll kill myſelf for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! O! [*Hanging over his wife.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, ſhe was foul!— [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd:
I know, this act ſhows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Deſdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn,
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That ſhe with Caſſio hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed; Caſſio confeſs'd it:
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, ſir? no;
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO *offers to ſtab his wife.*

Gra. Fye!
Your ſword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil.

Emil. She give it Caſſio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give't my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?
[IAGO *ſtabs* EMILIA, *then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave.
[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword:—
But why ſhould honour outlive honeſty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh: I have ſeen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop:—But, O vain boaſt!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires;—Where ſhould Othello go?—
Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *priſoner.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, ſir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſs'd his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in Caſſio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh: I have ſeen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop:—But, O vain boaſt!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires;—Where ſhould Othello go?—
Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *priſoner.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, ſir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſs'd his villainy:
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Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,

Found in the pocket of the ſlain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Caſſio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs!

Lod. Now here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and ſatisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Caſſio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſs'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Caſ. There is, beſides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt: And even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Caſſio rules in Cyprus. For this ſlave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian ſtate:—Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.

I have

I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice: then muſt you ſpeak
Of one, that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe ſubdu'd eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And ſay, beſides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the ſtate,
I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him—thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſs'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this,
[*Falling upon* DESDEMONA.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [*To* IAGO.
This is thy work: the object poiſons ſight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain;

The

The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and, to the ſtate,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

A GLOSSARY

EXPLAINING

THE OBSOLETE AND DIFFICULT WORDS

IN THE

PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

When a Word is borrowed from a foreign Language, and not familiarized by Uſe into our own; the original Word in ſuch foreign Language is ſet down.

A.

To *Aby*, to ſuffer for, to pay dear for.

To *Accite*, to call, to ſummon or ſend for. Lat. *Accire*.

To *Affeer*, to confirm, to aſcertain: A law-term uſed in Court-Leets, and ſignifying to confirm or fix, by perſons properly choſen, the Mulcts there impoſed upon ſuch as have committed faults arbitrarily puniſhable, and which have no expreſs penalty annexed to them by any ſtatute. Fr. *Affeurer*.

To *Affie*, to affiance, to betroth; alſo, to confide.

To *Affront*, to front, or confront, or face.

An *Aglet*, the tag of a lace, or of the points formerly uſed as ornaments in dreſs, and which (for the greater finery) were often cuti- ſhape of little images. Fr. *Aiguillette*.

To *Agnize*, to acknowledge, to avow. Lat. *Agnoſcere*.

Agood, much, a great deal.

An *Aiery*, the neſt of an hawk, and ſometimes the brood of hawk belonging to a particular neſt.

Alder, of all. *Alder-Lieſeſt*, deareſt of all.

An *Ancient*, an enſign, or ſtandard-bearer.

Anthropophaginian, a man-eater. Gr. Ανθρωποφάγος.

An *Antre*, a cave or cavern. Fr. *Antre*. Lat. *Antrum*.

To *Appeach*, to impeach.
To *Appeal*, to accuſe.
Approof, the ſame as proof.
An *Argoſie*, a ſhip; from Argo the ſhip of the Argonauts.
Avoint thee! avaunt! ſtand off! This word ſeems to come from the Latin *Dii averruncent!*
Aſcaunce, awry.
An *Aſſinego*, an aſs-driver or aſs-keeper. Ital. *Aſináio.*
Até, the goddeſs of miſchief.
Attaints, the ſame as taints; ſtains, blemiſhes, any ſtrokes or touches of infection either in a natural or moral ſenſe. Fr. *Atteintes.*
To *Attone*, to appeaſe, to reconcile; alſo, to be reconciled, to agree.

B.

Baccaláre, a ſelf-conceited pretending ſpark. An Italian word.
To *Bait*, a term in falconry, when the hawk ſpreads and claps her wings.
Baldrick, a belt. Fr. *Baudrier.*
Bale, misfortune, ſorrow.
Balk'd, floated: from the Italian verb *Valicare.*
Ban-dogs, dogs kept in bands, tied up.
To *Bandy*, to canvaſs, to diſpute, to quarrel, moſt eſpecially by retorting angry and provoking words: a metaphor taken from ſtriking the balls at Tennis, which is the primary ſenſe of the word. Fr. *Bander.*
Barbaſon, the name of a devil or fiend.
Barbed, ſee *Unbarbed.*
Baſe, Country-baſe, a ſport uſed amongſt country people called Priſon-baſe, in which ſome purſue to take others priſoners. And therefore "I bid the baſe" is, by uſing the language of that ſport, to ſay, "my buſineſs is to take priſoners."
Baſe Court, a back yard. Fr. *Baſſecour.*
Baſta, it ſufficeth, it is enough. An Italian word.
Bated, abated, ſunk.
A *Batlet*, a flat piece of wood, with which waſherwomen beat coarſe linen.
To *Batten*, to feed, to paſture.
Baven, bruſh wood, faggot wood.
Bawcock, a coaxing term: probably from the French *Bas coque.*
Bearns, children.
Behеſts, or *Heſts*, commands.
A *Bergomaſk-dance*, a dance after the manner of the peaſants of Bergomaſco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, and

and from thence it became a cuſtom to mimick alſo their manner of dancing.

Beſhrew! an imprecation, as "beſhrew my heart!" *ill betide my heart!*

To *Beſmirch* or *Smirch*, to beſmear, to foul, to dirty.

Beſtraught, mad, diſtracted.

To *Beteem*, to yield, to deliver. *Spen.*

A *Bever*, that part of the helmet, which lets down over the face, with a grate of iron bars before the eyes. Span. *Bavera.*

To *Bewray*, to diſcover, to reveal.

Bezonian, a beggarly ſcoundrel. Ital. *Biſognoſo.*

A *Biggen*, a cap or coif of linen like thoſe worn by children with a ſtay under the chin. Fr. *Beguin.*

A *Bilberry*, the fruit of a ſmall ſhrub, of a blue colour.

Bilbo, "like a good bilbo," a ſword-blade of Bilboa which will bend almoſt round in a circle without breaking.

Biſſon or *Beeſen*, blear-eyed.

A *Blank*, a white or mark to ſhoot at. Fr. *Blanc.*

To *Blench*, to boggle or turn aſide with fear.

Blent, the ſame as blended, mingled.

To *Bolt* or *Boult*, to ſift as they do meal through a ſieve.

To *Bolter*, as *Blood-bolter'd*, to welter, to wallow. Fr. *Veaultrer.* Lat. *Volutare.*

A *Bombard* or *Bumbard*, a mortar-piece or great gun. Fr. *Bombarde:* but in other places the word is uſed for a drinking veſſel: and there is ſtill in uſe in the northern parts of England a kind of flagon without a cover, and of the ſame bigneſs from top to bottom, which retains the name of a *Gun.*

A *Borne*, a limit or boundary. Fr. *Borne.* This hath been falſely printed *Bourn*, which ſignifies another thing, namely, a brook or ſtream of water.

A *Bow*, a yoke.

A *Brack.* The Italian word *Bracco*, from which this is derived, is underſtood to ſignify any kind of beagle, hound, or ſetting dog: but Jo. Caius, in his book of Britiſh dogs, ſays, that with us it moſt properly belongs to bitches of the hunting kind, and in that ſenſe Shakſpeare uſes it.

To *Brack*, to ſalt. It is ſtill uſed as an adjective in Lincolnſhire and the northern counties: and *Brackiſh* is retained in uſe every where.

Braid or *Breid*, bred, of a breed, of a certain turn of temper and conditions from the breed: a Scotch and north country word.

A *Brake*, a thicket or cover.

A *Brief*, any proceſs or order iſſuing from the king.

Broached, ſpitted, thruſt through with a ſpit. Fr. *Brochée.*

A *Broch* or *Brooch* or *Browch*, an ornament of gold worn ſometimes about the neck, and ſometimes about the arm.

A *Brock*, a badger.

To *Brooch*, to adorn.

Brogues, the ſhoes or pumps which are worn by the Iriſh peaſants.

To *Budge* or *Bodge*, to give way, to ſtir, to quit a place. Fr. *Bouger.*

A *Burgonet*, a ſteel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. Fr. *Bourguinotte.*

Buſky or *Boſky*, woody; from the old French word *Boſc*, of which *Boſquet* now in uſe is a diminutive.

C.

A *Cade*, a caſk. Lat. *Cadus:* alſo when joined to the name of any beaſt it ſignifies *tame, brought up by hand.*

Cadis, a galloon or binding made of worſted: a French word.

Caliver, the diameter or bore of a gun: thence ſometimes the gun itſelf. Fr. *Calibre.*

A *Callet.* This word has two ſignifications: ſometimes a ſcold and ſometimes a lewd drab.

A *Cantle*, a diviſion or ſegment of land, or other thing. Ital. *Cantone.* Fr. *Canton.*

A *Canzonet*, a ſong, a ditty. Ital. *Canzonetta.*

Cappochia, a fool. An Italian word.

A *Carack*, a huge ſhip of burden, uſed by the Spaniards and Portugueſe. Ital. *Caracca.*

Caracts, characters.

A *Carkanet*, a necklace. Fr. *Carcan.*

A *Carle*, a clown, a churl.

Carrat, the weight which diſtinguiſhes the fineneſs of gold. Fr. *Carat.*

A *Caſk*, an helmet. Fr. *Caſque.*

Cataian. Cataia is a country on the north of China, which, in the time of queen Elizabeth, was reported by the firſt voyagers thither to be rich in gold ore, and upon that encouragement many perſons were perſuaded to adventure great ſums of money in fitting out ſhips thither, as for a moſt gainful trade; but it proved a notorious deceit and falſehood; hence *Cataian* ſtands for one of no credit.

Catlings, ſmall ſtrings for muſical inſtruments made of cat-gut.

Cautel, an ill-deſigning craft in order to enſnare. So

Cautelous, crafty, cunning, deceitful. So is the French *Cauteleux* always uſed in a bad ſenſe, dangerouſly artificial.

A *Cearment*, the wrapping of an embalmed body. Ital. *Coramento.*

A *Cenſer*, a plate or diſh, in which they burnt incenſe, and at the bottom of which was uſually repreſented in rude carving the figure of ſome ſaint. Fr. *Encenſoir.*

Charneco. This ſeems to have been a cant word for ſome ſtrong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the ſtocks, ſince in Spaniſh *Charnicgos* is a term uſed for the ſtocks. Beaumont and Fletcher uſe the ſame word in the play, *Wit without money.*

Chawdron,

Chawdron, a diſh of meat ſtill uſed in the northern parts of England, made of the entrails of a calf.

A *Chevril*, a kid. Fr. *Chevreau.*

A *Chewet*, a pie or magpie. Fr. *Chouette* or *Cheuette.*

A *Chioppine*, a thick piece of cork, bound about with tin or ſilver, worn by the women in Spain at the bottom of their ſhoes to make them appear taller. Span. *Chapin.*

A *Chough* or *Corniſh Chough*, a bird which frequents the rocks by the ſea-ſide, moſt like to a jackdaw, but bigger.

Cinque-pace, a grave dance ſo called. Fr. *Cinque pas.*

A *Cital*, a recital.

To *Clepe*, to call.

Cobloaf, a miſhapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps and protuberances.

Cockle, a weed in corn.

To *Cockle*, to ſhrink, to wrinkle up.

A *Cockney*, one born and bred in the city, and ignorant of all things out of it.

Coigne Coin, a corner. Fr. *Coin.*

Coil, buſtle, tumult.

Collied, ſooty, black.

To *Con*, to learn, to know, to underſtand. To *con thanks* means the ſame as to *give thanks*, being to be reckoned a particular phraſe, and indeed a Græciſm, χάριν οἶδα.

To *Convent*, to concur, to be ſuitable. Lat. *Convenire.*

To *Convince*, to overcome, in which ſenſe the Latin word *Convinco* is uſed ſometimes.

To *Convive*, to feaſt together. Lat. *Convivere.*

Copatain, high raiſed, pointed: from *Coppe*, the top or point of any thing.

To *Cope*, to encounter, alſo to inveſt one's ſelf with, as with a cope or mantle.

A *Corollary*, an over-meaſure in any thing, or a ſurplus thrown in. Fr. *Corollaire.* Lat. *Corollarium.*

A *Coſier*, a botcher: from the old French *Couſer*, to ſew.

To *Courb*, to bend. Fr. *Courber.*

To *Cower*, to ſink or ſquat down. Ital. *Covare.* Fr. *Couver.*

To *Craſh*, to be merry over: a Craſh being a word ſtill uſed in ſome countries for a merry bout.

To *Craven*, to make recreant or cowardly.

A *Creſſet*, a great light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe, or watch-tower: from the French word *Croiſette*, a little croſs, becauſe the beacons anciently had croſſes on the top of them.

Criſp, glittering or making things glitter, in which ſenſe the verb *criſpare* in Latin is ſometimes uſed. It alſo ſignifies curled, from the Latin *Criſpus.*

A *Croan*, an old toothleſs ſheep: thence an old woman.
Cuiſſes, armour for the thighs. Fr. *Cuiſſarts*.
A *Cullion*, a fool, a dull ſtupid Cuddon. Ital. *Coglióne*.
A *Cuttle*, in its proper ſenſe is a ſea-fiſh, which by throwing out a black juice like ink fouls the water and ſo eſcapes the fiſher. Hence by metaphor it is uſed to ſignify a foul-mouth'd fellow.
Curfeu, the eight o'clock bell. Fr. *Couvre feu*.

D.

To *Daffe*, to put by, to turn aſide with ſlight and neglect.
Dank, moiſt, damp.
To *Darraign*, to range, or put in order. Fr. *Arranger*.
A *Deck* of Cards, the ſame as a pack.
A *Deem*, a ſuppoſition, a ſurmiſe.
To *Defend*, to forbid. Fr. *Defendre*.
Deftly, nimbly, briſkly. *Deft*, nimble, ready, neat, ſpruce.
To *Deracinate*, to eradicate, to root up. Fr. *Deraciner*.
Dewberries, ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild bramble called the creeping or the leſſer bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits they muſt be underſtood to mean raſpberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind.
A *Dibble*, an inſtrument with which gardeners make holes in the earth.
To *Diet*, to limit, to controul, to preſcribe to.
To *Diſcandy*, to diſſolve, to melt, to thaw.
Diſmes, tenths: a French word.
To *Diſperge*, to ſprinkle, to ſcatter. Lat. *Diſpergo*.
To *Doff*, to put off.
Draff, waſh for hogs.
To *Drumble*, to drone, to be ſluggiſh. Ital. *Dormigliare*.
Dulcet, ſweet. Lat. *Dulcis*.

E.

To *Ear*, to plough or till.
Eld, old times; alſo, old age.
To *Elfe*, to entangle hair in ſo intricate a manner that it is not to be unravelled. This the vulgar have ſuppoſed to be the work of fairies in the nights: and all hair ſo matted together hath had the name of Elfe-locks.
To *Emball*, to make up into a pack. Fr. *Emballer*.
Embowell'd, emptied.
To *Emmew*, to mew up, to coop up.
An *Engle*, a gull, a put, a bubble: derived from the French word *Engluer*, which ſignifies to catch with birdlime.
Englutted, ſwallowed up. Fr. *Englouti*.
To *Enmeſh*, to entangle in the meſhes of a net.

To

To *Enſear*, to ſear up, to make dry.
To *Enſconce*, to cover as with a fort, to ſecure.
Enſhield, ſhielded, protected.
Enſteeped, lying under water.
To *Entame*, to tame, to ſubdue.
Eſcoted, penſioned: from the French *Eſcot*, a ſhot or reckoning.
Exigent, a law-term, a writ ſued out when the defendant is not to be found, being part of the proceſs leading to an out-lawry. Shakſpeare uſes it for any extremity.
Expedient, the ſame as expeditious. *Expedience*, expedition.
Exſuffolate, whiſper'd, buzz'd in the ears: from the Italian verb *Suffolare*.
An *Eyas* or *Eyeſs*, a young hawk juſt taken from the neſt, not able to prey for itſelf. Fr. *Niais:* for Eyas-muſket, ſee *Muſket*.
An *Eyery*, an hawk's neſt.

F.

To *Fade*, to diſappear, to vaniſh.
A *Farrow*, the litter of a ſow.
Farſed or *Farced*, ſtuffed out. Fr. *Farci*.
A *Farthel* or *Fardel*, a bundle, a pack, a burthen. Ital. *Fardello*.
Favour, countenance, viſage.
Fell, fierce, cruel.
A *Fell*, a ſkin or hide of a beaſt. *Fell of hair*, is the whole ſcalp, upon which the hair grows.
A *Feodary*, one who holds his eſtate under the tenure of ſuit and ſervice to a ſuperior lord.
Fewneſs, rarity.
A *Fitchew*, a polcat.
A *Flamen*, a prieſt; a Latin word.
Flaws, ſudden guſts of wind.
Flecker'd, ſpotted, ſpeckled, fluſhed with red ſpots.
Flew'd; *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound.
To *Flicker*, to ſmile.
Flouriets, young bloſſoms, young ſpringing flowers.
To *Foin*, to puſh in fencing.
To *Foredo*, to undo, to overcome, to lay violent hands upon.
To *Forfend*, to prevent, to forbid.
To *Foreſlow*, to delay.
Forted, fortified, ſecure.
Fortin, a little fort raiſed to defend a camp, particularly in a ſiege where the principal quarters are joined by lines defended by fortins and redoubts; a French word.
A *Foſſet* or *Faucet*, a tap or peg of a barrel. Fr. *Fauſſette*.
Foyſon or *Foizon*, plenty, eſpecially of fruits of the earth. Fr. *Foiſons*.
Frank'd up, ſhut up in a frank, which is a ſty for feeding a boar.

A *Franklin*, a country freeholder.

To *Fruſh*, to break, bruiſe, or cruſh. Fr. *Froiſſer.*

Fulhams, a cant-word for falſe dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the firſt inventor, or the place where they were firſt made. The word is uſed and hath the ſame ſenſe in Hudibras, Part 2, cant. 1, v. 642. And in Don Quixote, fol. ed. 1687, tranſlated by Philips, part 2d, book 3d, chapter 16. *I am no Paumer, no high-and-low-Fulham-man.* See alſo North's Examen. p. 108.

G.

A *Gabardine*, the coarſe frock of a ſhepherd or fiſherman or any peaſant: thence alſo any looſe caſſock. Ital. *Gavardina.*

Gain-giving, the ſame as miſgiving, a giving-againſt: as gain-ſaying, which is ſtill in uſe, is ſaying againſt or contradicting.

A *Gallimaufry*, an hotch-potch or haſh of ſeveral ſorts of broken meat, a medley. Fr. *Gallimafrée.*

To *Gallow*, to ſcare, to frighten.

Gallows, a knave, one fit for the gallows. *Skinner.*

Gallowglaſſes, ſoldiers among the wild Iriſh, who ſerve on horſeback.

Garboils, diſorders, tumults, uproars.

Gariſh, gaudy, glaring, flaunting.

Gaſted, as aghaſted, frighted, diſmayed.

A *Gaude*, a toy, a trifle.

Gear or *Geer*, ſtuff.

A *Geck*, a bubble eaſily impoſed upon. To *Geck* is to cheat.

Germin, the firſt ſprouting of ſeed of a branch. Lat. *Germen.*

Geſts, noble actions or exploits: a word ſo uſed by Chaucer and Spenſer. Lat. *Res geſtæ* or *Geſta.*

Geſte, the roll or journal of the ſeveral days and ſtages prefixed in the progreſſes of our kings: many of them being ſtill extant in the Herald's office. Fr. *Giſte* or *Gîte.*

A *Gibbe*, any old worn-out uſeleſs animal.

Giglets or *Giglots*, wanton women, ſtrumpets.

Gimmal or *Gimbald* or *Jymold*; this word Skinner interprets only as applied to a ring conſiſting of two or more rounds, and thence derives it from the French *Gemeau* and the Latin *Gemellus:* a *Jymold bitt* therefore may well be taken in that ſenſe from the little rings often annexed to bitts to play in the horſe's mouth: but *Gimmals* carries a more general ſignification, ſuch as the word *Gim-cracks* has now, *viz.* ſome little quaint devices or pieces of machinery.

A *Glavie*, a cutting ſword, a cimeterre; uſed alſo by Spenſer: a French word.

To *Gleek*, to joke, jeer, or ſcoff.

To *Gloſe*, to flatter, to collogue.

To *Gloſs*, to interpret, to comment upon. Fr. *Glôſer.*

Godild

Godild you! God ſhield you!

Goſſomer or *Goſſamour*, the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm ſummer weather, eſpecially about the time of autumn.

Goujeres, the French diſeaſe *(lues venerea)*, from the French word *Gouje*, which ſignifies a common camp trull, as *Goujer* ſignifies a man who deals with ſuch proſtitutes. Theſe words *Gouje* and *Goujer* being uſed as common terms of reproach among the vulgar, and becauſe that loathſome diſeaſe was firſt brought from the ſiege of Naples about the year 1495, by the French army and the women who followed it, and was by them diſperſed over all Europe, therefore the firſt name it got among us was the *Goujeres*; the diſeaſe of the *Gouje's*.

Gourd, a large fruit ſo called, which is often ſcooped hollow for the purpoſe of containing and carrying wine and other liquors: from thence any leathern bottle grew to be called by the ſame name, and ſo the word is uſed by Chaucer.

Gouts, drops. Fr. *Gouttes*.

Gratulate, fit for gratulation.

Grice or *Griſe*, or *Griece*, or *Greeze*, ſteps, ſtairs. Fr. *Grez*.

Grimalkin, a name given to a cat.

Grime, dirt, filth.

A *Groundling*, a fiſh which keeps at the bottom of the water: hence one of the low vulgar.

Guarde, the hem or welt of a garment; alſo, any lace or galloon upon the ſeams or borders of it. To *Guard*, to lace over, to adorn.

Guerdon, reward; an old French word now diſuſed.

Gyves, ſhackles.

H.

To *Hack*, to hackney, to turn hackney or proſtitute.

An *Haggard*, a wild hawk.

To *Harp*, to ſeize, to lay hold of. Fr. *Harper*.

Harper, a name given by the witches to ſome of their miſchievous imps.

To *Harry*, to hate, to ruffle. Fr. *Harer*.

To *Hatch*, a term in dtawing, to ſhade off and finiſh with the fine ſtrokes of a pen.

A *Having*, (a ſubſtantive) is very frequently uſed for a poſſeſſion in any thing.

Heſts, the ſame as heavings.

Helmed, guided, conducted.

A *Henchman*, a page.

To *Hend*, to ſeize, to lay hold of: alſo, to hem in, to ſurround.

Heſts or *Beheſts*, commands.

Hight, named or called; or, is named or called.

Hilding or *Hilderling*, baſe, degenerate, ſet at nought.

To

To *Hockle*, to hamſtring, to cut the ſinews about the ham or hough.
Holding ſometimes ſignifies the burden or chorus of a ſong.
Hollidam, holy dame, bleſſed Lady.
Hoſe. breeches. Fr. *Chauſſes*, or *Haut de chauſſes*.
To *Hull*, to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without ſails or rudder.
To *Hurtle*, to ſkirmiſh, to claſh, to run againſt any thing, to juſtle, to meet in ſhock and encounter. Fr. *Heurter*. Ital. *Urtare*.
An *Hyen* or *Hyena*, an animal of which many wonderful things are told, among which one is, that he can imitate the voice and laughter of men.

I.

Jeſſes, a term in falconry: ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the legs of an hawk, with which ſhe is held on the fiſt.
Imboſt, a hunting term; when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. A dog alſo, when he is ſtrained with hard running (eſpecially upon hard ground), will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *imboſt*: from the French word *Boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour.
Importance, the ſame as importunity. *Important*, the ſame as importunate.
An *Indigeſt*, a chaos, *(rudis indigeſtaque moles.)*
Induction, the ſame as introduction; alſo, inducement.
To *Inherit*, to poſſeſs. It has the ſame ſenſe in other places.
To *Inſconce*, to cover as with a fort, to ſecure.
Intrenchant, incroaching. *The intrenchant air* means the air which ſuddenly incroaches and cloſes upon the ſpace left by any body which had paſſed through it.
Jymold, ſee *Gimmal*.

K.

Kam, "Clean kam;" crooked, athwart, awry, croſs from the purpoſe. Ital. *a-ſchembo*. *Clean kam* is by vulgar pronunciation brought to *kim-kam*.
To *Keel*, ſeems here to mean to drink ſo deep as to turn up the bottom of the pot; like turning up the keel of a ſhip.
A *Kern*, an Iriſh boor.
A *Keſtrel*, a little kind of baſtard hawk.
A *Ketch*, a tub, a caſk. Fr. *Caque*.
Kickſy-wickſy, a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife.
Kindled, to kindle is the word for rabbits bringing forth their young.
A *Kirtle*, a woman's gown.

L.

Labra, a lip; an Italian word.

To *Land-damm*; probably this was a coarſe expreſſion in the cant-ſtrain formerly in common uſe, but ſince laid aſide and forgotten, which meant the *taking away a man's life*. For *Land* or *Lant* is an old word for *Urine*, and to ſtop the common paſſages and functions of nature is to *kill*.

Latten, a factitious metal. Fr. *Letan ou Laiton*.

Laund, the ſame as Lawn, a plain extended between woods. Fr. *Lande*.

Lavolta, an old dance, in which was much turning, and much capering. Fr. *La volte*.

A *Leaſh*, a leathern thong, by which a falconer holds his hawk, or a courſer leads his greyhound. Ital. *Laccio*.

To *Lech*, to lick over. Fr. *Lêcher*.

To *Leech*, to cure. A *Leech*, a phyſician.

Leer, or *Lear*, earth, mold.

A *Leman*, a ſweetheart, a gallant, or a miſtreſs. Fr. *L'aimant*, *L'aimante*.

A *Libbard*, a leopard.

Liep, dear, beloved.

A *Linſtock*, a ſtaff of wood with a match at the end of it, uſed by gunners in firing cannon.

Lither, ſoft, mild.

A *Lob*, a lubber, a looby.

Lockram, a ſort of coarſe linen.

Loggats, the ancient name of a play or game, which is one among the unlawful games enumerated in the Stat. 33. H. 8. It is the ſame which is now called Kittle-pins, in which boys often make uſe of bones inſtead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone inſtead of bowling.

Lozell, a lazy lubber.

A *Luce*, a pike or jack.

Lunes, fits of lunacy or frenzy, mad freaks. The French ſay of a man who is but fantaſtical and whimſical, *Il a des lunes*.

Luſh, of a dark deep full colour, oppoſite to pale and faint. Fr. *Louſche*.

Luſtick, luſty; a Dutch word.

Luſtrous, full of luſtre.

Lym, a lime-hound: J. Caius derives the name from *Lyemme*, which is an old word ſignifying a ſtrap or thong with which dogs are led.

M.

Mail'd, clothed or covered as with armour.

Malicho, a wicked act, a piece of iniquity. Span. *Malhecho.*

To *Mammer*, to hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old English writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer.

A *Mammet*, a puppet, a figure dressed up.

Mammuccio, the same as *Mammet*. Ital. *Mammuccia.*

Manour or *Mainour* or *Maynour*, an old law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare)* signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, *in the fact.* The expression is much used in the forest laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto 1665, p. 292, where it is spelt *manner.*

Mappery, the art of planning and designing.

To *Mate*, to confound, to overcome, to subdue. *Spen.*

A *Maukin* or *Malkin*, a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench.

A *Mazzard*, a jaw. Fr. *Maschoire.*

A *Meacock*, an uxorious or effeminate man.

Meed most frequently stands for reward: but it is sometimes used for merit: See also Minshew.

Meered, relating to a boundary: *Meer* being a boundary or mark of division.

A *Meiny*, a retinue, domestick servants. Fr. *Mesnie.*

To *Mell*, to mix, to mingle. Fr. *Mêler.*

Mephostophilus, the name of an infernal spirit in the old fabulous history of Dr. Faustus.

A *Micher*, a lazy loiterer, who sculks about in corners and by places and keeps out of sight: a hedge-creeper.

Miching, secret, covered, lying hid.

A *Minnow*, the smallest of fishes.

Mispriſed, sometimes it signifies mistaken, from the French verb *mesprendre:* sometimes undervalued or disdained, from the French verb *mépriser.*

A *Misprision*, a mistake.

Modern, common, ordinary, vulgar.

A *Moldwarp*, a mole.

A *Mome*, a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence

ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *Mum!* for ſilence.

Mull'd, ſoftened and diſpirited as wine is when burnt and ſweetened. Lat. *Mollitus*.

A *Mummer*, a maſker. *Mummerie*, maſquerading. Fr. *Momerie*.

A *Mure*, a wall. Lat. *Murus*.

Murk, darkneſs. *Murky*, dark.

A *Muſket*, a male hawk of a ſmall kind, the female of which is the ſparrow-hawk: ſo that *Eyas Muſket* is a young unfledged male hawk of that kind. Fr. *Mouchèt*.

A *Muſs*, a ſcramble.

N.

Nayward, "to th' nayward," to the ſide of denial, towards the ſaying nay.

A *Nay word*, the ſame as By-word: a word of contempt; alſo a word ſecretly agreed upon, as among ſoldiers, for the diſtinguiſhing friends from foes.

A *Neafe* or *Neife* or *Neive*, a fiſt.

A *Neb*, the bill or beak of a bird.

Nick, jeſt, mockery. Thence the word Nick-name, from the Brit. *Niq*. ſee Diction. *de Trevoux*.

A *Nole*, a noddle.

O.

Oeiliads, glances. Fr. *Oeillades*.

An *Opal*, a precious ſtone reflecting almoſt all colours. Fr. *Opale*. Lat. *Opalus*.

Orgillous, (Prol. to *Tro.* and *Creſſ.*) proud. Fr. *Orguilleux*.

Orts, ſcraps, fragments, leavings.

Oſprey, the ſea-eagle; of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the air, all the fiſh in the water underneath turn up their bellies and lie ſtill for him to ſeize which he pleaſes. One of the names of this bird is *Offifraga*, from which by corruption is deduced *Oſprey*. See *Geſner*, and *William Turner*. The name in *Pliny* is *Haliaetos*.

An *Oſtent*, a ſhow, an outward appearance. Lat. *Oſtentus*.

To *Overween*, to reach beyond the truth of any thing in thought: eſpecially in the opinion of a man's ſelf.

Ouphe, the ſame as *Elfe*, from which it is a corruption, a fairy, a hob-goblin.

Ouphen, elfiſh, of fairy-kind.

An *Ouzle*, a blackbird.

Owches, boſſes or buttons of gold. The word is mentioned in an old ſtatute

ſtatute of Hen. 8. made againſt exceſs in apparel; it is alſo uſed by Chaucer and Spenſer.

To *Owe* is very frequently uſed for, poſſeſs; to be the owner of: eſpecially where the author would imply an abſolute right of property in the thing poſſeſſed.

P.

A *Paddock*, a toad.

Palabras, o' my word. Span. *De Palabra. Pocas Palabras*, few words.

A *Palliament*, a robe. Ital. *Paliamento.*

A *Pantaloon*, a man's garment anciently worn, in which the breeches and ſtockings were all of a piece. Fr. *Pantalon.*

A *Pantler*, the officer in a great family who keeps the bread. Fr. *Panetier.*

To *Paragon*, to compare. Fr. *Paragonner:* alſo to equal.

A *Paragon*, a complete model or pattern.

A *Parator*, the ſame as Apparator or Apparitor: an officer belonging to the ſpiritual courts, who carries ſummonſes and ſerves proceſſes.

To *Parget*, to daub or plaiſter over.

Partlet, a name given to a hen: the original ſignification being a ruff or band or covering for the neck.

A *Paſh*, to kiſs. Span. *Paz. La Paz de Judas* is a phraſe with the Spaniards, by which they expreſs treachery.

To *Paſh*, to daſh.

A *Pelt*, a ſkin or hide. Lat. *Pellis.*

Pelting, (a pelting village, a pelting farm) has the ſame ſenſe as beggarly. There is a rot among ſheep, particularly called the *pelt-rot*; which is, when the ſheep from poverty and ill keeping firſt loſe their wool and then die.

Perdy, an oath. Fr. *par Dieu.*

Periapts, amulets: charms worn as preſervatives againſt diſeaſes or miſchief. Gr. *περιάπτω, pro amuleto appendo.* Steph.

A *Pet*, a lamb taken into the houſe, and brought up by hand; a cade-lamb.

A *Petar*, a kind of little cannon filled with powder, and uſed for the breaking down the gates of a town, and for countermining. Fr. *Petard.*

Picked, ſharp, ſmart. Fr. *Piqué.*

Pight, pitched, placed, fixed.

A *Pilcher*, a furred gown or caſe, any thing lined with fur.

Pin, a horny induration of the membranes of the eye.

A *Pix*, a little cheſt or box wherein the conſecrated hoſt is kept in Roman Catholick countries. Lat. *Pixis.*

Planched Gate, a gate of boards.

To

To *Plaſh*, to reduce into order the largeſt and moſt riotous plants in a hedge by cutting deep into their bodies to make them bend down, and then interweaving them with the lower parts of the hedge. The original and true word is to *Pleach*, by vulgar uſe pronounced *Plaſh*.

To *Pleach*, to twiſt together, to interweave.

Point-device, exact to the greateſt nicety. Fr. *A points deviſés:* the expreſſion is uſed by Chaucer.

Poll'd, ſhaven.

Pomander, a little round ball of perfumes. Fr. *Pomme d'Ambre.*

Pomwater, a very large apple.

A *Preciſian*, one who profeſſes great ſanctity; a ghoſtly father, a ſpiritual guide.

Prime, prompt; from the Celtique or Britiſh *Prim.*

Primero, a game at cards. Span. *Primera.*

A *Priſer*, a prize-fighter.

Proface, much good may do you! Ital. *Profaccia.*

To *Propend*, to lean more, to incline more favourably. Lat. *Propendeo.*

Properties, a term much uſed at the playhouſes for the habits and implements neceſſary for the repreſentation; and they who furniſh them are called *Property men.* This ſeems to have ariſen from that ſenſe of the word *Property*, which ſignifies a blind, a tool, a ſtalking-horſe.

A *Puttock*, a kite.

Q.

A *Quab*, a gudgeon, *(Gobio capitatus.* Skin.) and a gudgeon is often uſed in a figurative ſenſe for a ſoft eaſy fool ready to ſwallow any bait laid for him.

To *Quail*, to droop, to languiſh, to faint.

Quatch, ſquat or flat.

Queaſy, ſickiſh, nauſeating.

A *Quell*, a murderous conqueſt. In the common acceptation, to quell ſignifies to ſubdue any way, but it comes from a Saxon word, which ſignifies to kill.

A *Quern*, a churn; alſo a mill.

Queſts, lamentations. Lat. *Queſtus.*

A *Queſtant* or *Queſter*, one who goes in queſt of any thing.

Quill, ("deliver our ſupplications in quill.") This may be ſuppoſed to have been a phraſe formerly in uſe, and the ſame with the French *en quille*, which is ſaid of a man, when he ſtands upright upon his feet without ſtirring from the place. The proper ſenſe of *Quille* in French is a nine-pin, and in ſome parts of England nine-pins are ſtill called *Cayls*, which word is uſed in the ſtatute 33 Hen. 8. c. 9.

Quille

Quille in the old Britiſh language alſo ſignifies any piece of wood ſet upright.

Quillets, quibbles, querks, ſubtleties.

Quips, gibes, flouts.

A *Quintain*, a poſt, or the figure of a man ſet up in wood for the purpoſe of military exerciſes, throwing darts, breaking lances, or running a tilt againſt it. Fr. *Quintaine*.

To *Quote*, to underſtand, to interpret, to rate, to eſtimate.

R.

Rabato, an ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage ſaith it comes from *rabattre*, to put back, becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turned back towards the ſhoulders.

The *Rack*, the courſe or driving of the clouds.

Raied, blotted, ſtained, fouled: the ſame as Beraied, which is the term more known of late days. Fr. *Rayé*.

Raught, the ſame as reached.

To *Ravin*, to ſnatch or devour greedily.

A *Raze* of ginger; this is the Indian word for a bale, and muſt be diſtinguiſhed from *Race*, which ſignifies a ſingle root of ginger.

Rear-mice or *Rere-mice*, bats.

A *Recheate*, a particular leſſon upon the horn to call dogs back from the ſcent; from the old French word *Recet*, which was uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *Retraite*.

Rechleſs or *Reckleſs*, regardleſs, negligent.

To *Reck*, to regard, to care.

Reechy or *Reeky*, ſmoky or ſoiled with ſmoke; thence alſo ſweaty or filthy with ſweat.

Reed, leſſon, doctrine, counſel.

Reguerdon, recompence.

To *Renege*, to renounce. Span. *Renegár*.

Ribaud, debauched, abandoned, proſtituted. Fr. *Ribaud*.

Ribi, drink away! Italian. The imperative mood of *Ribêre*, which is the ſame as *Ribevere*, to drink again.

Riggiſh, wanton.

Rigol, a circle: from the Ital. *Rigolo*, which ſignifies a little round wheel or trundle.

Roiſting, bluſtering, ſwaggering.

A *Rood*, a croſs.

A *Rowſe*, the ſame as a carowſe.

Royniſh, mangy, ſcabby. Fr. *Rogneux*.

A *Ruddock*, a Robin red-breaſt.

Rudeſby, rude companion, rude fellow!

A *Runnion*,

A *Runnion* or *Ronyon*, a ſcabby or mangy man or woman. Fr. *Rogneux* and *Rogneuſe*.

Ruth, pity, compaſſion.

S.

Sacring-bell, the little bell, which is rung in the proceſſion of the hoſt to give notice of its approach, or to call to ſome holy office. From the French word *Sacrer*, to conſecrate or dedicate to the ſervice of God.

Sad is frequently uſed for grave, ſober, ſerious.

To *Sagg* is (properly) to ſink on one ſide, as weights do when they are not balanced by equal weights on the other.

A *Sallet* or *Salade*, a helmet. Span. *Celada*. Fr. *Salade*.

Saltier, a term in Heraldry, one of the ordinaries in form of St. Andrew's croſs.

Sanded, of a ſandy colour, which is one of the colours belonging to a true blood-hound.

San Domingo, St. Dominick. Span.

Sans, without, a French word.

A *Saw*, a wiſe ſaying, a proverb.

'Say, Eſſay. Fr. *Eſſai*.

To *Scan*, to canvaſs, to examine, to weigh and conſider well any buſineſs.

Scarfed, pieced or joined cloſe together; a term uſed by the ſhipbuilders.

Scath, harm, miſchief. *Scathful*, miſchievous.

A *Sconce*, a fort, a fortreſs; alſo a man's head.

To *Scotch*, to hack, to bruiſe, to cruſh. Ital. *Schiacciare*.

Scroyles, the diſeaſe call'd the King's evil. Fr. *Eſcroüelles*; here given as a name of contempt and abuſe to the men of Angiers; as we ſometimes ſcurrilouſly call men Scabs.

To *Scutch*, to ſwitch, to whip, to ſcourge. Ital. *Scuticare*.

Seam, tallow, fat.

A *Sea-mall*, a kind of gull, a bird haunting the ſea-coaſts.

To *Seel*, a term in falconry, to run a ſilk through the eyelids of a young hawk, and to draw them near together in order to make the hawk bear a hood.

Seſſa or *Seſſey*, peace, be quiet. Lat. *Ceſſa*.

A *Shard*, a tile or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a ſcale or ſhell upon the back of any creature. The *Shard-born beetle* means the beetle that is born up by wings hard and glazed like a potſheard.

Sharded, ſcaled.

To *Shark up*, to pick up in a thieviſh manner. Fr. *Chercher*.

Sheen, clear, bright; alſo brightneſs, luſtre: uſed in both ſenſes by *Spenſer*.

To *Shend*, to blame, to reprove, to diſgrace, to evil-intreat.

A *Shive*, a ſlice.

A *Showghe*, a rough coated dog, a ſhock.

Shrift, confeſſion. To *Shrive*, to confeſs.

A *Siege*, a ſeat: alſo the fundament of a man, in which ſenſe the French often uſe it; *Mal au ſiege: une fiſtule au ſiege.*

Sizes, certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons: a word ſtill uſed in the Colleges of the Univerſities

Sized, bedawbed as with ſize, which is a glewiſh compoſition uſed by painters. Ital. *Siſa.*

To *Skirr*, to ſcour about a country.

Sleaded or *Sleded*, carried on a ſled or ſledge.

Slop, wide-knee'd breeches.

Slough, an huſk, an outward ſkin.

Smirch'd, ſmeared, daubed, dirtied.

To *Sneap*, to check, to ſnub, to rebuke.

Sooth, true or truth: alſo, adulation, in the ſenſe of the verb to ſooth.

To *Sowle*, to lug or pull.

A *Sowter*, a cobbler. Lat. *Sutor.* In this paſſage it is intended as the name of a dog.

To *Sperr*, Prol. to *Tr.* and *Creſſ.* to bolt, to barricado, or any way faſten.

Spleen is often uſed for a ſudden ſtart, a haſty motion, a momentary quickneſs.

A *Spray*, a young tender ſhoot or branch of a tree.

Spurs, the fibres of a root.

To *Square*, to jar, to wrangle or quarrel. For the derivation ſee the next word.

A *Squarer*, a ſwaggering blade. This word is taken from the French phraſe, *ſe quarrer*, which ſignifies to ſtrut with arms a-kembo, *(anſatus incedere)* an action which denotes a character of an hectoring braggadocio. The French ſay, *Les jeuns fanfarons ſe quarrent en marchant.*

A *Squier*, the ſame as a ſquare.

A *Stanyel*, otherwiſe called a Ring-tail, a kind of buzzard, or kite.

Station, attitude, preſence, perſon.

A *Statiſt*, a ſtateſman. Ital. *Statiſta.*

A *Stay*, a let, a ſtop, an impediment.

To *Stead*, or *Sted*, to ſerve, to help.

Stickler-like: Sticklers were ſeconds appointed in a duel to ſee fair play, who parted the combatants when they thought fit: and this being done by interpoſing with a ſtick, from thence came the name.

Stigmatical, branded with marks of diſgrace. Lat. *Stigmaticus.*

A *Stithy*, an anvil. To *Stithy*, to beat upon an anvil.

Stoccata, a thruſt in fencing; an Italian word.

A *Stole*,

A *Stole*, a robe, a long garment, a mantle, a woman's gown: uſed alſo by Spenſer. Lat. *Stola*.

To *Suggeſt*, to prompt or egg on.

Sumpter, a beaſt which carries neceſſaries on a journey.

Surceaſe, this generally ſignifies the ſuſpenſion of any act, but in this paſſage it ſtands for the total ceaſing after the final execution of it. Fr. *Surſeoir*.

A *Swabber*, an inferior officer in a ſhip, whoſe buſineſs it is to keep the ſhip clean.

T.

A *Tabourine*, a drum. Fr. *Tabourin*.

To *Take*, to blaſt, to ſtrike with infection. Fr. *Attaquer*.

Tall is very frequently uſed for eminent, notable, conſiderable.

To *Tarr on*, to provoke, to urge, as they ſet on dogs to fight.

A *Taſſel-gentle*, a particular kind of hawk, the male of the faulcon. In ſtrictneſs it ſhould be ſpelt *Tiercel-gentle*. Fr. *Tiercelet*.

Teen, trouble, grief.

Teſted, tried, put to the teſt.

A *Tether*, a long rope with which horſes are tied to confine their feeding to a certain compaſs, and prevent their treſpaſſing further.

Thewes, ſinews, muſcles, bodily ſtrength.

Thirdborough, the ſame as headborough or conſtable.

Thrift, thrift, thriving, ſucceſs.

Tiny, ſmall, ſlender. Lat. *Tenuis*.

To *Toze*, to break in pieces, to draw out, or pull aſunder, as they do wool, by carding it to make it ſoft. Ital. *Tozzare*: thence figuratively, by artful inſinuations to draw out the ſecrets of a man's thoughts.

To *Tramell up*, to ſtop; a metaphor taken frrom a tramel-net, which is uſed to be put croſs a river from bank to bank, and catches all the fiſh that come, ſuffering none to paſs. Fr. *Tramail*.

Trick is a word frequently uſed for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.

Trickſey, dainty, curious, ſleight.

Trigon, a term in aſtrology, when three ſigns of the ſame nature and quality meet in a trine aſpect.

Troll-madam, a game commonly called Pigeon-holes.

Trouſſers, a kind of breeches wide and tucked up high, ſuch as are ſtill worn in the robes of the order of the garter. Fr. *Trouſſe*: but "ſtrait trouſſers" in this paſſage has a jeſting ſenſe, and means the natural ſkin without any breeches.

To *Truſs*, is a term in falconry, when a hawk near the ground raiſeth a fowl, and, ſoaring upward with it, ſeizeth it in the air.

To *Try*, a term in ſailing: a ſhip is ſaid to Try when ſhe hath no more ſail abroad but her main-ſail, when her tacks are cloſe aboard,

the bowlings ſet up, and the ſheets haled cloſe aft; when alſo the helm is tied cloſe down to the board, and ſo ſhe is let lie in the ſea.

Tub-faſt, the ancient diſcipline of the ſweating-tub and faſting for the cure of the French diſeaſe.

Tucket, a prelude or voluntary in muſick, a flouriſh of inſtruments. Ital. *Toccata*.

Turluru, a crack-brain, a fool, a Tom of Bedlam: an Italian word.

V.

To *Vail*, to let down, to drop, to ſtoop.

Vantbrace, defenſive armour for the arm. Fr. *Avant-bras*.

Vary, variation, change.

Vaunt-couriers, fore-runners. Fr. *Avant-coureurs*.

Vaward, the ſame as van-guard, the firſt line of an army: and from thence the forward or leading part of any thing.

Velure, velvet. Fr. *Velours*.

Venew, a reſt or bout in fencing.

A *Ventige*, a vent or paſſage for air. Fr. *Ventouſe*.

Via! away! an Italian word.

Vice, "Vice's dagger," and "Like the old Vice." This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much ſhown upon our ſtage, and brought in to play the fool and make ſport for the populace. His dreſs was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with aſſes-ears, and a thin wooden dagger, ſuch as is ſtill retained in modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouche. Minſhew and others of our more modern criticks ſtrain hard to find out the etymology of this word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word *Vis*, which ſignified the ſame as *Viſage* does now: From this in part came *Viſdaſe*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage ſays is but a corruption from *Vis d'aſne*, the face or head of an aſs. It may be imagined therefore that *Viſdaſe* or *Vis d'aſne* was the name firſt given to this fooliſh theatrical figure, and that by vulgar uſe it was ſhortened down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*.

To *Vice*, to hold faſt as with an inſtrument called a vice.

Umber, a colour uſed by painters, a dark yellow.

Unaneal'd, unprepared. To *anneal* or *neal* in its primary and proper ſenſe is to prepare metals or glaſs by the force of fire for the different uſes of the manufacturers in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative ſenſe to a dying perſon, who, when prepared by impreſſions of piety, by repentance, confeſſion, abſolution, and other acts of religion, may be ſaid to be *anneal'd* for death.

Unanointed, not having received extreme unction.

Unbarbed, bare, uncovered. In the time of Chivalry, when a horſe was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was ſaid to be *barbed*;

barbed; probably from the old word *Barbe*, which Chaucer uſes for a veil or covering.

Unbated, unabated, unblunted.

Unbolted, unſifted.

Unbraided, unfaded, freſh.

Unbreech'd, not yet in breeches, a boy in coats.

Unchary, careleſs.

Unhouſel'd, without having received the ſacrament. *Houſel* is a Saxon word for the Euchariſt, which ſeems derived from the Latin *Hoſtiola*.

Unneath, hardly, ſcarcely.

An *Urchin*, an hedge-hog, which was reckoned among the animals uſed by witches as their familiars: hence figuratively, a little unlucky miſchievous boy or girl.

Utas or *Utis*, the eighth and laſt day of a feſtival, for ſo long the great feſtivals were accounted to laſt, the concluſion being kept with more than ordinary merriment: from the Fr. *Huit*.

To th' *Utterance*, to the utmoſt, to all extremity. Fr. *à Outrance*. At *Utt'rance*, at all extremity.

W.

To *Wage*, to combat with, to enter into conflict with, to encounter.

Waped or *Wapid*, mournful, ſorrowful. *Chaucer*.

To *Warp*, to contract, to ſhrink.

Waſſel or *Waſſaile*, the merriment of twelfth night with a great bowl carried about from houſe to houſe: the word is compounded of two Saxon words ſignifying *health be to you!* A *Waſſel-candle*, is a candle larger than ordinary uſed at that ceremony.

A *Web*, a ſpot in the eye injurious to the ſight.

A *Weed*, a garment.

To *Ween*, to think.

To *Weet*, to know.

Weird, the Scotch word for perſons dealing in Sorcery, whether wizards or witches.

Welkin, the firmament or ſky.

Welking, languiſhing, faint.

To *Wend*, to go.

Whelk'd, a whelk is ſuch a riſing tumour upon the ſkin as the laſh of a whip or ſwitch leaves behind it.

Whiffler, an officer who walks firſt in proceſſions or before perſons in high ſtations upon occaſions of ceremony. The name is ſtill retained in the city of London, and there is an officer ſo called who walks before their companies at times of publick ſolemnity. It ſeems a corruption from the French word *Huiſſier*.

Whinnid, crooked. Minſhew under the word *Whinneard* takes notice

of this old word to *Whinnie*, and interprets it *(incurvare)* to bend or make crooked.

A *Whittle*, a coarſe blanket or mantle worn by the pooreſt ſort.

To *Wis* or *Wiſt*, to know, to judge rightly of a thing.

A *Wittol*, a cuckold jealous and uneaſy under his wife's tranſgreſſions, but not having ſpirit enough to reſtrain them.

Woe-begone, overwhelmed with ſorrow. *Spen.*

A *Wold*, a down, an open hilly country.

Wood or *Wode*, mad, frantick.

Wreak, revenge: *Wreakful*, revengeful.

Wrizled, wrinkled.

Y.

Yare, ready, nimble, quick.

Yeleped, called, named.

Z.

A *Zany*, a merry Andrew, a Jack-pudding. Ital. *Zanè*.

THE END.

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